THE SPEAKER

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PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THERE has been the accustomed outpouring of cant in the Ministerial Press on the subject of the escape of MESSRS. DILLON and O'BRIEN from the Tipperary Police Court, in order that they may fulfil their engagement in America. Last week we published a statement from the pen of MR. O'BRIEN which not only clearly indicated his resolve to fulfil that engagement if he possibly could, but intimated with perfect precision his intention to return to the jurisdiction of the Court so soon as his task in the United States was at an end. If our daily contemporaries, both Liberal and Conservative, had consulted MR. O'BRIEN'S article, they would have been able to lead public opinion on the subject much more clearly and correctly than it has been their lot to do during the past week. It is a pity that, having MR. O'BRIEN'S words before them, they should have speculated as to his possible intentions instead of telling their readers what the readers of THE SPEAKER knew from the first.

THE "plain facts" of the case may be stated with perfect simplicity. Neither MR. O'BRIEN nor MR. DILLON could possibly feel any moral respect for the tribunal before which they were arraigned at Tipperary, a tribunal discredited alike by its composition and its mode of procedure. They knew further that the real object of their prosecution at the present moment was to prevent their keeping their engagements in America. MR. BALFOUR, under pretence of vindicating the law, had played a very unsavoury trick at their expense. That being the case, they believed—and believed rightly—that they were entitled to outwit him if they could; and they have done so most successfully. As to the silly talk about their having "fled to escape punishment," it is absolutely and consciously false on the part of those who use it. Both MR. DILLON and MR. O'BRIEN mean to come back and take the punishment to which MR. BALFOUR and his agents intend to subject them. They know further that by carrying out their visit to America they incur the risk of having that punishment seriously aggravated. They have taken this risk cheerfully, believing it to be their duty to carry out their mission in the United States. To miscall them "cowards," as the *Standard* in a spasm of imbecile fury has done, is ridiculous. Even those who do not agree with their views about Home Rule ought to be able to see that their action is that of heroes.

SINCE their arrival in Paris on Thursday morning the two Irish members have repeated the explanation of their conduct which was given by Mr. O'BRIEN in these pages last week. Their trip across the Channel was a somewhat perilous one, a fact which it is rather absurd for their enemies in the Press to attempt to turn to ridicule. The really ridiculous figure in connection with this latest incident in Irish history is the absentee Chief Secretary, who has met with the most crushing defeat he has yet sustained in his blundering career as a "firm and resolute" administrator of Irish affairs—from a distance—and who cannot but feel that he has a personal responsibility for that defeat, from which he would have been free if he had been doing his duty in Ireland, instead of passing his time in Scotland, when he ventured to throw down his challenge to the National party. Even MR. BALFOUR'S airy cynicism is not proof against the stern logic of facts. MESSRS. DILLON and O'BRIEN might still have escaped if he had been at his post in Dublin; but at all events in such a case no one could have connected this latest defeat of the Government with the Chief Secretary's neglect of his plain duty.

THOUGH shorn of much of their interest by the departure of MESSRS. DILLON and O'BRIEN, the Tipperary trials continue to present useful lessons in the policy of the Government and the capacity of "removable" magistrates. Having refused to expunge MR. O'MAHONY'S name from the indictment, MR. RONAN suddenly proposed that course after the illness of MR. O'MAHONY had caused several adjournments. MR. HEALY urged that the withdrawal of the charge against one defendant in a case of conspiracy invalidated the procedure against the rest. That may not count for much as a point of law, but MR. RONAN announced that he intended to use the evidence against MR. O'MAHONY to incriminate the other defendants. This is stretching the law of conspiracy with a vengeance. But MR. SHANNON must have received some private drill in discretion, for though he refused to allow MR. HARRINGTON to ask whether a constable was "what is popularly known as a shadow," he did not venture even to demur when MR. REDMOND put precisely the same question.

MORE trouble with Portugal appears to be brewing. The Ministerial crisis at Lisbon was ended by reports from Mozambique to the effect that British gunboats had forcibly entered the Zambesi, and that a British expedition had invaded territory assigned by the Convention to Portugal. This information, which seems about as trustworthy as Portuguese news from Africa usually is, was at least useful to the despairing Cabinet-makers at Lisbon, and a new Ministry has been formed. The existence of this Government is likely to be precarious, for it is announced that LORD SALISBURY will be asked to modify the Convention in the interests of Portugal.

ENGLAND and Italy are unable to agree as to the future of Kassala. By a touch of that irony to which diplomatists are not sensitive, Kassala is not in the possession of either Power, but is held by people who will offer a fierce resistance to both. England suggested that the Italians might take Kassala on the distinct understanding that it should be restored to Egypt when the Egyptians were in a position to renew their authority in the Soudan. This contingency is sufficiently remote, but the proposal was not good enough for Italy, and the negotiations have ended for the present with excellent temper on both sides. It is argued that LORD SALISBURY could not very well surrender a portion of the Khedive's nominal dominions, and SIR SAMUEL BAKER maintains that Kassala is the key to Berber, and that when we get these strategic points we can snap our fingers at Khartoum. It does not seem to have occurred to the Italians to propose that if they occupy Kassala they shall hold it till the British evacuate Egypt.

THE great Australian strike has reached a critical point. SIR HENRY PARKES says it is "almost as disastrous as a bombardment." The efforts to bring about a conference between the employers and the strikers have so far proved abortive, the employers being apparently convinced that their combination must prove victorious. An appeal has been made to the working men of London to send £20,000 to help their brethren in the colonies. The Executive of the London Trades' Council have not taken the responsibility of recommending this step, but a special meeting of the Council is to be held next week to consider the matter. The letter which we publish on another page from our Melbourne correspondent gives a very clear and comprehensive account of the origin and earlier incidents of the great struggle.

THE literature of politics has been enriched this week by the publication of the two concluding volumes of MR. LECKY'S "History of England in the Eighteenth Century." These have been awaited with some curiosity to see how far MR. LECKY would reconcile his present views of the Irish Question with his vigorous indictment of the Union twenty years ago, and his distinct deliverance in favour of Home Rule. Both parties in the great conflict have been preparing to find weapons in MR. LECKY'S volumes, and there is unquestionably an armoury for all. MR. LECKY still condemns the means by which the Union was passed, but he lays stress on the suggestion that "the disloyal element" would invade an Irish Legislature, and make self-government dangerous to the integrity of the Empire. This looks like an after-thought of the historian who dislikes the National League. On the other hand, MR. LECKY says of "the strongest argument for hurrying on the Union," that "when all due weight is assigned to it, it does not appear to me to have justified the policy of PITT."

WE deal elsewhere with MR. GLADSTONE'S important article in *Subjects of the Day*, but we may say here that it furnishes a powerful reply to the Unionist argument which closes MR. LECKY'S history. On this it is sufficient for the moment to remark, that the historian who charges statesmen with shameless apostasy because they have adopted the opinions once enforced by himself, and who laments that Ireland cannot be governed like India, has a very small claim to influence the judgment of his countrymen.

THE funeral of MRS. BOOTH on Tuesday was preceded by an impressive ceremonial at Olympia on Monday evening. Enormous crowds watched the procession at every point of the march to Abney Park Cemetery; and though there was some confusion owing to the fog, the attitude of the spectators was respectful and sympathetic. A few years ago it would have been impossible for the Salvation Army to make such a demonstration without exciting the active hostility of the rougher elements of the London mob. The change in the popular feeling is a tribute to the humanising influence of GENERAL BOOTH'S propaganda.

THE proceedings of the Socialist Congresses at Halle and Calais are not at present very interesting reading. Personal disputes—from which the more advanced section appears to have come out considerably the worse—were the chief feature of the former, and the rest of the time has been taken up by rather dull speeches on the Socialist programme and prospects, by rejoicings over the downfall of the Socialist Law, and by a large smoking concert diversified by *tableaux vivants*. The Calais Congress might be expected to possess more actuality, in view of the strike now in progress. But the only noticeable feature as yet has been a speech from DR. AVELING, whom the Nottingham lacemakers have sent as their delegate. Both Congresses seem likely to pass resolutions pointing to the adoption of May 1 as a regular festival. The German Socialists announce their intention of absorbing the small groups in the Reichstag—the Alsatians, Danes, and Poles—a consummation, of course, rendered less likely by that relaxation of repressive measures which they are now celebrating.

THE coming week will be one of special activity in the political world. To-day MR. BALFOUR, who was entertained at dinner last night by the Tories of Newcastle-on-Tyne, will address a public meeting in that city; and MR. MORLEY will follow him at a very brief interval. MR. GLADSTONE starts on Monday for Scotland, in good health and high spirits, once more to raise the standard of Liberalism on the historic field of Midlothian. Other speeches of importance are expected during the week, and it is clear that the political recess is now at an end.

THE Imperial Bank of Germany on Saturday last raised its rate of discount from 5 per cent. to 5½ per cent., and consequently it was feared that gold might be withdrawn from the Bank of England for Berlin. Therefore, some apprehension existed that on Thursday the Directors of the Bank of England would raise their rate to 6 per cent. But they did not do so. Apparently they have satisfied themselves that withdrawals will not take place. They refuse to sell bar gold, or foreign coin; and as it is more expensive to take sovereigns they seem to think that those will not be withdrawn. Possibly also they know that the Berlin bankers are anxious not to increase the uneasiness already prevailing here. During the week ending Wednesday night Russian gold coin amounting to £428,000 was transmitted from Paris to London, and altogether the Bank of England increased its coin and bullion by considerably over half a million. In the outside market the bill-brokers are disinclined to take bills, and they have been charging from 5 to 5¼ per cent. The larger joint-stock and private banks, too, are co-operating with the Bank of England to keep up rates. If they continue to do so, and if there are not withdrawals for Berlin, it may be possible to avoid raising the Bank rate to 6 per cent.

THOUGH the Bank rate has not been changed, there is no improvement in the feeling of the City. On Wednesday morning it was so bad that panic seemed almost imminent. Suddenly, however, there was a change, and it appeared as if the worst was over. But about mid-day on Thursday, alarmist rumours began once more to circulate, and prices again gave way. One would suppose that the reckless way in which mischievous rumours are set afloat would show to everybody that they are made current for improper purposes. For the moment men have lost their heads, and however palpably absurd a report may be it has an effect. No doubt much has happened of late to excuse apprehension. Since the fortnightly settlement began on Wednesday of last week, eight members of the Stock Exchange have been declared defaulters, another has had to close all his accounts, and two or three others, it is said, have had to get assistance; while another firm has to be wound up, though not in consequence of operations on the London Stock Exchange. Further, a large house not represented in the Stock Exchange has had to liquidate its accounts, and it is understood that others are embarrassed.

NO CANT.

FEW expressions could be more ludicrously inappropriate than the description of the disappearance of the two principal defendants at Tipperary, as a flight from "justice." Constables, batons, magistrates—removable at the pleasure of the Chief Secretary—all these abound, but whatever else there may be at Tipperary, justice is not there, nor even a decently draped simulacrum of justice. The Coercion Court is legal, but it is unconstitutional, and it is at variance alike with the letter and the spirit of the solemn engagements entered into at the Union. It is morally entitled to just so much respect and observance from Irishmen as it can extort, and no more. The suppression of a jury in a trial for conspiracy on such a scale as this, is an invasion of private rights and civil equality, which the victim of such a process is morally at liberty to resent by all means within the limits of sense and discretion. But the unconstitutional foundation of the Coercion Court on this occasion is not all. With curious perversity the Government seat upon the bench a magistrate who has recently been in active personal collision with some of the men whom he is now set to try, and whose conduct in transactions connected with the very matter of the trial was vigorously impeached in the House of Commons no further back than May last by one of the men now before him. What respect can a tribunal, founded upon an exceptional repressive statute, and manned in such gross violation of every consideration of equity and fair play, reasonably claim, either from men brought before it or from anybody else in the civilised or uncivilised world? In England we have a right to think as ill as we please of anybody who chooses to set a court at defiance, because in England such a scandal as the nomination of an executive officer to pronounce judicially on matters in which he is not himself unconcerned, has long been utterly impossible. But it is childish to apply the standard that is happily become just and reasonable in England to a country where the administration of justice is what we see it to be in Ireland. It is childish, and if the people who talk in this way would give the matter two minutes of honest consideration, they would realise that all such talk is cant and nothing but cant. Take what happened in the matter of the charges of assault against the police last week. The case was in effect a charge of indiscretion and excess of force against a resident magistrate. An ordinary charge of this kind would be heard by the ordinary justices of the peace, with the one resident magistrate of the district sitting among them, and with no more power than any of the rest. What happens here, where an R.M. is charged, and the constabulary are charged? Five resident magistrates come swooping down on the bench, elbow aside the three ordinary justices, and one of them—himself an ex-constabulary officer as well as an R.M.—takes the chair and rules this or that as to the admissibility of evidence, without consulting anybody's opinion but his own. It is simple enough for candid friends in easy-chairs to write about the antics of Irishmen who scornfully walk out of a court of this kind; but antics can sometimes only be met by antics, and if the English public is to be relieved from tiresome antics, *que messieurs les assassins commencent*—let the Irish Government begin.

The worst of despotisms is that they so invariably find themselves forced to do such shabby things; and that very sorry despotism, the present Government of Ireland, has hardly done a shabbier thing in its shabby history than to institute proceedings at Tipperary months after date, and then to set to work to spin them out for weeks upon weeks, at the very moment when two of the leading Irishmen had taken passages for America. If the Government complain of the incident, they have themselves to thank. They should have issued their warrants earlier, and framed their indictments more promptly. Why should the two Irish members allow work which they regard as of the highest importance to be baulked? What deference can any sensible man pretend that they owe to the engine which has been set in motion to stop them? If they are prepared to face the penalties that may await them on their reappearance in the United Kingdom, and if they count those penalties as unimportant compared with the objects of their visit to America, they know their own business, and are the best judges of their own policy. There is every reason to believe that they expected the conviction and sentence in the Coercion Court—for conviction and sentence in those courts are foregone conclusions—would be completed in time to allow them to pay a flying visit to America before returning for the appeal to the County Court judge. The merciless length of the opening for the Crown closed the door to any such prospect. There was the possibility, however, that the Coercion Court, instead of imposing a sentence, might require bail to be of good behaviour, with immediate imprisonment in the certain case of refusal to find bail. How all this may be, we do not know, nor do we at all care. In face of such tactics as those of the Irish Government since the day of "firm and resolute government" dawned, it is idle pedantry to blame the two Irishmen for consulting their own convenience and their own public objects, without much reverence for the convenience of a court whose moral and constitutional title to jurisdiction they in principle repudiate.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE TORY HOUSEHOLDER.

ON the eve of his Midlothian campaign, Mr. Gladstone has given indisputable proof of his sanguine spirit, and the vigour and variety of his resources. His appeal to the Tory householder in *Subjects of the Day* shows his unshaken confidence in the power of persuasion, even when it is addressed to the most unpromising quarter. At this moment the Tory householder is adjured by his leaders to prepare for a desperate rally against a disintegration which is none the less embarrassing because it is generally denied. What Sir William Houldsworth, a wire-puller of no mean experience, mournfully described as "slippage" in his candid epistle to a friend in British Columbia, is a source of ill-disguised alarm to the Tory caucus. The Ministerial majority has been reduced by one-third already. "Slippage" is doing its deadly work in the bye-elections, and if Mr. Gladstone can induce the Tory householder to "think," the first idea of that excellent but muddle-headed citizen may be that the most patriotic resistance to Home Rule does not save the Tory party from creeping paralysis. That party, says Mr. Gladstone, "seems to be like the victim of insomnia, who turns from side to side upon his bed in search of sleep, but cannot find it." It would be delightful, no doubt, to drop off into a good sound slumber, and dream that the Unionists are carrying everything before them, that Ireland is tranquil, and, best of all, that Mr. Gladstone is no more. But that terrible "slippage" would keep any Tory householder awake, however regular his habits and excellent his digestion. And so far from betaking himself to another world, here

is the Liberal leader, full of hope, full of power, dismissing the Dissentient Liberals with concise contempt to "the political Underworld," and showing that after four years of the "firm government" which is to "reverse all the currents of the national life of Ireland, the current runs precisely as before, and Ireland's antagonists are still standing on the bank, like the rustic who waited for the river to have done flowing." That is not an agreeable picture for the Tory householder. Nor can he be much gratified by the reminder that though he dreads Radicalism, he persists "in securing for it within the walls of Parliament eighty-five Irish allies, who must be Radical as long as they are nationally discontented." These are practical considerations which are well within the scope of the Tory householder's mind, and which will not cease to trouble him even while he scoffs at Mr. Gladstone's declaration that Home Rule "should be carried by the Tories, because they can do it with our help (which they know that they would have) more easily and rapidly than we can."

Perhaps it is useless to expect the Tory householder to be affected by the historical argument that the upper classes have opposed every reform in the present century. There is an incurable love of a duke in the Tory soul, and to tell the Conservative shopkeeper that "all the dukes" are on the wrong side, will scarcely carry conviction to the mind which is prepared to worship a customer with a coronet. But the Tory householder is always alive to the argument of pounds, shillings, and pence, and this is employed by Mr. Gladstone with masterly ease. To govern Ireland very badly costs three times as much per head as it does to govern England tolerably well. It cannot be said that Ireland gets any compensation in the shape of a proportionate share of our prosperity. In 1855 Ireland's share of the assessment of income tax was "at the modest proportion of one in thirteen." In 1888 the proportion was one in seventeen. This fact disposes of all the elaborate statistical tables which Mr. Macartney produces in *Subjects of the Day* to show that Ireland has prospered under the Union. The question is not whether the Irish are better off than they were a century ago, but whether their share in the general prosperity of the kingdom is a fair proportion or a declining quantity. Having delivered his soul ineffectually on the financial point, Mr. Macartney exposes the Tory householder to a worse disappointment. Four years ago the Tories were assured that Home Rule meant religious persecution in Ulster, and Mr. Chamberlain was desperately concerned about the Protestant minority scattered over the south and west of Ireland. But now Mr. Macartney is by no means anxious to press this argument, and Mr. Gladstone's quotation from an Irish Unionist writer, who says the Presbyterians outside Ulster "have been treated with kindness by the great mass of the population," ought to relieve us from the burden of Mr. Chamberlain's spiritual misgivings. Mr. Macartney is content to assert that it would be "inexpedient to establish a separate Legislative Chamber" in Ireland, because "the geographical situation, the natural circumstances of the country, the openings afforded to its surplus population by the extending dominion of the British Empire, are to us powerful and convincing arguments in favour of the closest possible connection." This, then, is the sediment of the Unionist case, after all the fluid of invective and false rhetoric has been drawn off. We do not think so meanly of the Tory householder as to suppose that even he will fail to understand that Home Rule cannot alter a geographical situation, and that when an Irish Parliament is established, there will be just as many openings in the British Empire for the employment of "surplus" Irishmen as there are now.

It is a favourite Tory assumption that the Irish are naturally criminal, and this idea may survive Mr. Gladstone's figures, which show that the committals for crime in Ireland make a considerably smaller total in proportion to population than those in Great Britain. But the Tory householder can grasp the suggestion that "we should reduce by one-fourth the load that is pressing our Parliament to the ground, could we get rid of Irish affairs." There is nothing abstruse in Mr. Clancy's demonstration that the root of the mischief in Ireland is the administration of the country by nine Government Boards, every member of which is nominated by the Lord-Lieutenant, who is responsible only to the leader of his party. This is the system which has "protected" Mr. Macartney's friends, the "loyal" minority, for the last ninety years, and which is absolutely inconsistent with our democratic Constitution. This is the principle that is irreconcilable with the nationality for which Mr. Lecky demanded twenty years ago the satisfaction which he now denounces. We are told by the historian of the eighteenth century that it is the misfortune of Ireland to be drawn into "the vortex of English politics;" and yet he champions a policy which perpetuates that mischief. Mr. Lecky admits that the "loyal" minority have lost all faculty of political leadership, and yet he insists that Ireland shall be governed exclusively in their interests. He says it would be folly to entrust social order to the Nationalists, and yet he puts his faith in a wide diffusion of landed property, which must inevitably strengthen the popular party. Never did a writer of history, who has turned his back upon his principles, involve himself in such pitiful contradictions, and grope about for such feeble shifts. The strength of Mr. Gladstone's case lies as much in the growing embarrassment of his opponents as in his undaunted assertion of the great truth, that the Englishman must "examine English principles and traditions, and apply them to Ireland exactly as, if the tables were turned, he would like to have them applied to and for himself."

DISESTABLISHMENT IN SCOTLAND.

SCOTLAND will be much in people's minds in this coming week, and the question of disestablishment in particular is certain to attract special attention. Under an extended franchise the political mind has been modified in Scotland as well as elsewhere. That country is at least as Radical as it ever was, and yet the subject-matter of its political interest is different. With the monopoly of the old-fashioned middle-class Liberal, certain topics have ceased to be burning ones. The abolition of entails was once looked on as a sort of be-all and end-all in land law reform. Nowadays everyone agrees that entails ought to disappear, and no one expects much result from the disappearance. So it is with the Established Church. There is, what there never was before among Scottish Liberals, a general agreement that an unjustifiable anomaly must be got rid of, and that, at the same time, the matter is not one the pros and cons of which can be expected to move profoundly anybody's mind. Such, at least, is the impression left on the impartial observer by a perusal of the reports of the public meetings on the subject. There have been few demonstrations of enthusiasm over the last addition made to the official programme by the Liberal leader.

But neither has there been the slightest indication

of disapproval or reluctance. Laymen's Leagues and Church Defence Associations are being formed in most parts of the country. They meet with no response from the people. They resolve themselves into committee meetings, and somewhat small committee meetings, of Conservatives and Unionist Liberals. They simply afford fresh evidence that the now old-fashioned Dissentients, who have left the Liberal party, as the events have shown, on many matters besides Home Rule, did so in virtue of a mental disposition which inclines them to add to the topics of dissidence. They prove, what shrewd observers had already concluded, that on the subject of Disestablishment Scottish Liberals have long ago made up their minds, and that the real battle was fought out in 1885. The diagnosis of the situation seems to be that the special status which one of the three Presbyterian denominations at present possesses, and the legal privilege which leaves it in possession of certain national property, are considered by Liberals to have ceased to be nowadays capable of justification, if, indeed, they ever were so; while on its religious side the question is regarded as no longer of absorbing general interest or importance. When there were privileged classes, who had a monopoly of political power, it was, at all events, not unnatural that there should be a privileged religious denomination. The monopoly of the first has been given up. Why should not that of the second likewise cease to be? No one can pretend that the spiritual necessities of the time require State aid for religion in Scotland. At least as good men left the Establishment in 1843 as remained in it. And the successors of Chalmers, Buchanan, Candlish, and Guthrie have shown that Presbyterians can not only, on a purely voluntary basis, maintain their Church in affluence and activity, but maintain it in such a condition that it attracts to itself a ministry and congregations of a culture and social position in every point equal to that of the State Church. No one who really knows the present position of the colleges and churches of the Free and United Presbyterian denominations will question this proposition; and it is significant that in the whole course of the controversy which has now raged for many years, no single attempt has been made to challenge it. Not only are the professors and clergy of these two great dissenting bodies as well endowed as their established neighbours, but they are also their rivals in learning and in influence. However reluctant a Scotchman may be to part with his money and esteem to other persons, he grudges neither to the guardians of his spiritual interests. It cannot be too clearly borne in mind that there is no analogy in this respect between the question as it presents itself in England, and the form which it assumes in Scotland. It has been abundantly proved that there religion can flourish, some say can best flourish, on a voluntary basis, and it is natural that many of those who are most keen about its interests should conclude that there is a gross absence of economy in a state of things in which three Churches, which profess similar doctrines and contain similar people, are kept in rivalry by the maintenance of an abstract principle, when they might evidently be united in its absence.

But there is a yet deeper reason why Scotland should be comparatively little moved by the question. The abstract side of religious controversy is distinctly less interesting to men's minds than was once the case. The memories of the Claim of Right and the old Disruption topics which used to agitate the whole country are fading away. It would be rash even to suggest that the people are less religious than they once were, but certainly they are more political. The new electorate has, unlike that which it succeeded, been brought up mainly on controversial matter of the latter description. And thus it comes about that a large number of the Established Church people are keen Liberals, whose dislike of privilege overrides their love for the academic advantages of their denomination. They do not desire to yield anything to other denominations. If the issue were between the spirit of their own and the Evangelicism of the Free Church, they might possibly be moved to make a struggle for the maintenance of the *status quo*. But they know that no such issue arises. And they hate the cant about the State religion, which abounds in the mouths of a Tory party, nearly all the leading members of which are Episcopalians.

Mr. Gladstone's coming pronouncement will be of great interest. But it is not for the reasons for severing the connection between Church and State that the Scottish people wait for his words. These reasons have been recognised for some time past. It is on the question what is to be done with the quarter of a million a year of teinds which will gradually be set free as the result of Disendowment. Two things appear to be clear. This burden on the land cannot be extinguished for the benefit of the landlords or the teind-owners. Nor can the Liberal party consent to the money being dedicated afresh to the purposes of religious endowment, as some old-fashioned Disestablishers seem to desire. So far as can be gathered from the speeches of members and candidates, there seems to be a feeling that the opportunity has come for the creation of a national system of higher education which shall bridge the gap between the elementary schools and the universities. This proposal has at least the merit of considering the interests of those who are to come as well as those of the present generation. The duty of doing so is one which is apt to be overlooked. Certainly, Mr. Gladstone has a delicate and difficult duty in the performance of the task that lies before him. The precedent of the Irish Church surplus is one which points to a heavy responsibility on those who follow it now. The national property has to be turned to the greatest national advantage. And this requires that it should be dealt with by a definite scheme which will prevent it from being frittered away. There should be no real difficulty in using it as the means whereby some blessing of a permanent nature may be conferred on the people of Scotland.

COLD COMFORT.

THE political article in the new number of the *Edinburgh Review* has no particular literary merit, but it is worth turning to for a few minutes as a specimen of the chaff and husks with which the more academic section of dissentients are content to fill their interiors. Some dissentients are pedantic, while others are rabid; and it is hard to tell which of the two sets has more completely lost the faculty of political vision. The pedantic set corresponds most nearly to the Orleanists in French politics—talkers, hopelessly ignorant of the real currents of feeling in their country, dupes of phrases, blinded by conceit, living on illusions, profoundly and incurably impotent. The *Edinburgh* fairly represents them and their poor stock-in-trade. It will very shortly be five years since the schism took place in the ranks of the Liberal party, yet at the end of five years the dissentient pedant has nothing newer to tell us than that Mr. Gladstone has shattered the party, that his followers are a bundle of heterogeneous

atoms, that the old "steadying element" has disappeared from Liberalism, that the most beneficent of governments is paralysed by obstructive tactics: and all the rest of the stale stuff which is retailed from Primrose platforms, and there does well enough, but which is really not good enough to serve up to the secluded *élite* who study quarterly periodicals. "The chief characteristic of the present House of Commons has been the *independent* action of Liberal Unionists." Was there ever so misplaced a word? The unfortunate men have found themselves chained fast to the wheel of the Tory car; and the reception of Mr. Courtney's semi-plaintive exhortations the other day to his friends to prod their Tory allies, shows plainly enough how instinctively these independents hug their chains. The *Spectator* is shaken with alarm at the bare thought of the mischief that the prodding process would be likely to do. Mr. Chamberlain, in the best speech he ever made in his life, tried to prod Ministers in the direction of Irish local government, but Ministers took no more notice than if the wind had blown down the chimney, and his independent words were followed as usual by unconscionably dependent action.

As singular as the Reviewer's self-flattery as to the action of his little group in the past, is his hallucination as to the state of things in the present. "A great organisation has grown up," he tells us, "with ramifications in almost every constituency, formed of Liberal electors pledged to their old faith of redressing grievances," etcetera, etcetera—but Liberal Unionists in short. Now the Tory managers know, just as well as Liberal managers, that this great organisation, with its glittering ramifications, is pure moonshine. The thing has been a mere name, a phantom, which the Tories value very little, and the Liberals do not fear at all. In the same vein of complacency, we are assured that in spite of the tremendous efforts being made to rouse the spirits of the Opposition, the country remains "singularly calm." "How different is the quiescent state of the public mind at present from the feverish condition which preceded for a couple of years the General Election of 1880!" Those whose business it is to keep a finger on the popular pulse have a very different impression from the recluse of the *Edinburgh*, and the Tories agree with him no more than the Liberals. All practical politicians, acquainted with the real workings of things, and with experience of the state of the constituencies eleven years ago, declare that the temperature of political interest of to-day is even higher than it was during the few years before the great victory of 1880. The Reviewer calls that condition "feverish;" we should prefer to describe it as keen, alert, sharp-set, resolute; and we do not care to grudge the same adjectives to our opponents. We will admit that they are as keen and as excited to-day, in their new capacity of Unionists, as they were in their old character as Jingoes; for Unionist, after all, is but Jingo differently spelt. Be that as it may, feeling runs higher, passion is more intense, interest is sharper, care for the great issue is deeper, even than it was in 1878-9. The crowds and the ardour of public meetings show it—on both sides, if you will have it so. The excitement about every bye-election shows it. But, of course, men in their studies know none of these things, and are not at all anxious to know them. The same men were in the same frame of mind and the same ignorance before 1880. The *Edinburgh* and the *Times* wrote about Mr. Gladstone, and the utter failure of the Midlothian speeches, and the "singular calm" and apathy of the constituencies in 1878-9, just as they write now. They keep one another warm or tepid with their fatuities; and if fatuities pass the time pleasantly for them between now and the day of the General Election, why not?

One sign, and one only, of penetration and foresight do we discern. The writer sees, though he is not very ready to express it, that the Dissentients must at a near date be fused in the greater organisation to which they have made themselves parasitic. He refers to the famous junction of the Dissentient Whigs of a century ago with Mr. Pitt and the Tories. "As one of them put it at the end of 1792, 'Our wish is not to join *Ministry*, but to support *Government* in a separate body.' For a time this went on, the views of the Dissentients being unofficially ascertained by the Cabinet, just as at the present time no very important Ministerial action is taken without previous consultation with Lord Hartington. In July, 1794, the Dissentients joined the Ministry of Mr. Pitt." The Reviewer expects the same thing to happen now, and to see "Lord Hartington, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. Chamberlain sitting side by side on the Ministerial front bench." But he forgets one great flaw in his historical analogy. "The Parliamentary Dissentient Whigs of those days represented a great mass of external public opinion." And this is just what the modern Dissentient does not. Tories the elector knows, and Liberals he knows; but what is a Dissentient Liberal who always votes with the Tory?

A DOG-IN-THE-MANGER POLICY.

TO meddle and muddle seems to be the unfailing portion of the Englishman when the affairs of the Soudan are in question. Of the mistakes which were made when Mr. Gladstone was in office in dealing with that vast territory there is no need to speak here, unless it be to renew our protest against the trick of Ministerial writers, who persist in making Mr. Gladstone solely responsible for a policy, the chief part in which was borne by the men who are now the leaders of the Liberal Unionist party. But how comes it that, at this time of day, and with all the knowledge gained from the bitter experience of the past, Lord Salisbury should be bent upon perpetuating the record of our blunders in the Soudan? We cannot see that any excuse can be offered for the breakdown of the negotiations at Naples. Even if Italy were not Italy—if she were not, that is to say, a country which enjoys the confidence and the affection of England, which has profited greatly in the past by the protection extended to her in the most critical moments of the new kingdom by English statesmen, and which has shown that she is not incapable of genuine gratitude towards those who have thus helped her—the claim she has set forth to the possession of Kassala would still seem to be unimpeachable. We are told—it is the only reason alleged for the withdrawal of Sir Evelyn Baring from the negotiations—that we cannot allow Kassala to be occupied by Italy, because it forms a portion of the Egyptian territory, and consequently of the territory of the Porte. It is hardly surprising that the Italians, who know that we are the masters of Egypt, disposing of her fortunes and even of her territory as we list, cannot understand the subtle distinction which we make with regard to Kassala, or the new-born zeal on behalf of the integrity and independence of that portion of the Ottoman Empire which is subject to the rule of the Khedive, that leads us to refuse to sanction the alienation from Egyptian authority of a city in which that authority has for years past been a dead letter.

What is surprising is that the Italian Press and

Ministry should have acquiesced with so little show of anger in what is unquestionably a very unneighbourly proceeding on the part of this country. When we remember that England not only compelled Egypt to abandon the Soudan, but that she cordially acquiesced in, if she did not actually invite, the Italian occupation of Massowah, which is just as much part of Egyptian territory as Kassala, we see how entirely hollow is the pretence that we cannot assent to the occupation of the last-named place out of regard to the rights and the *amour propre* of the Khedive. We have allowed Italy to take a great deal, not only without a word of remonstrance, but with many words of positive approval on our part; now that she wishes to take one point more, in order that she may enjoy some kind of security in the territory for which she has become responsible, we meet her with a point-blank refusal on a pretext which is unreal and hypocritical. Nor is our conduct made any better by the fact that Italy was quite willing to abandon her petition for the possession of Kassala, provided Egypt would undertake to garrison that place herself. Of course, Egypt will not do so, nor will England. We have had enough of Soudan expeditions for a long time to come; and neither financial affairs on the banks of the Nile nor public opinion on the banks of the Thames will allow of any attempt being made to recapture Kassala from its present masters, the Soudanese dervishes. But what a dog-in-the-manger policy ours is thus seen to be on our own showing! We will not occupy Kassala ourselves, nor will we permit Egypt to occupy it; but when Italy, for her own safety, wishes to do so, we protest that we cannot agree to the proposal, inasmuch as it would be an interference with the inviolability of Egyptian territory!

What is the real reason?—for nobody can believe in the validity of that which is alleged. We fear it is to be found in one word—money. The notion that the place is of strategical importance to us, if we should ever return to the Soudan, is one which every military authority will scout. Sir Samuel Baker's opinion on the subject is, indeed, quoted with joy in some quarters; but, great traveller as he is, Sir Samuel knows nothing of military strategy. But somebody has discovered—we believe erroneously—that the possession of Kassala means money for the possessor; and so, though we cannot hold it ourselves, we feel bound to prevent the Italians from taking it. This is the secret of the discreditable failure of the negotiations at Naples. It is believed that Kassala may become an important trade centre, and that if it falls into the hands of the Italians they will be able to divert some of that trade with the Soudan which we enjoy spasmodically at Suakin, when the policy of "starving out the dervishes" is temporarily abandoned. It is difficult to find words in which to denounce with sufficient strength so mean and selfish a policy as this. No doubt it is a bitter thing to feel that, whereas we have failed utterly in the attempt to establish friendly relations with the natives around Suakin, the Italians are now getting on very comfortably at Massowah. But that this should influence us in negotiations with a friendly Power, which has certainly not been over-grasping in its attempts to share in the scramble for Africa, is hardly credible. For our part we do not believe in the importance of Kassala as a trade centre to England or Egypt, whilst no one can deny its strategical importance to Italy. In these circumstances, and after the great surrender of genuine trade interests which Lord Salisbury has made to Germany, our manner of dealing with the Italian claims furnishes an instance of the dog-in-the-manger policy of which we have all reason to feel very heartily ashamed.

LORD ROSEBERY'S INFLUENCE IN SCOTLAND.

LORD ROSEBERY has long been known as an accomplished citizen of the world. His acceptance last week of the freedom of Glasgow makes him emphatically *the* citizen of Scotland. The graceful and suggestive little speech he made, when returning thanks for the honour done him by the greatest municipality north of the Tweed, indicates to some extent the secret of his popularity and power. In that speech he emphasised not only the usefulness, but the dignity of municipal life. Since he entered upon his public career he has been distinguished by the warmth of his patriotism—his attachment to Scotland as a nationality, and not simply as an active member of the copartnery of the United Kingdom, much less as "the knuckle-end of England." But his saving common-sense and his humour have prevented this patriotism from developing into political hysteria or historical farce. He has advocated what he has very happily styled "the self-respect of race;" but he has never advocated the self-conceit of race. Lord Rosebery has always, moreover, recognised in the middle-class of Scotland—which is equivalent to what in England is rather invidiously termed the sub-middle class—the backbone of its patriotism. Believers in heredity may, if they choose, trace this recognition to the blood which flows in his veins. The true founder of his family was, according to legend, not a satellite of the Conqueror or a leader of Border brigands, but Duncan Prymrois, who appears to have been an active member of the once powerful Scotch guild or trade-union of hammermen, and who, after the manner of most Scotch fathers in *bourgeois* life, sent his son to college. That son became an eminent surgeon, and his descendants in turn became distinguished lawyers and politicians. A peerage followed in due course. Heredity apart, Lord Rosebery has always taken a keen interest in the middle-class life of his country. He has always sought to gather opinion upon Scotch questions from Town Councils and such-like purely representative bodies. He has never been afraid, in spite of the lowering of the franchise, to add to their powers and extend the range of their duties, believing rightly that with the increase of dignity there comes also an increase in the sense of responsibility. He has not been content merely to appreciate the work of local government, for which he considers the middle-class specially qualified: he has deliberately assumed a share in it. He has laid down the Chairmanship of the London County Council only to take his part in the work of the Midlothian Council. And it is evident from the eulogium he passed on work of this class in Glasgow, that he esteems it too highly to give it up, except temporarily, for the struggles of partisanship.

The enthusiastic reception given to Lord Rosebery in Glasgow is the most emphatic contradiction that could be given to the report which has been widely circulated by his opponents, that he has lost the hold he once had on the hearts of the Scotch people. Unfortunately, the illness of Lady Rosebery will, to all appearance, prevent him from appearing so prominently as he would otherwise have done in the forthcoming Midlothian Campaign of Mr. Gladstone; otherwise it would then have been seen that his position among Scotch Liberals, as one of their most trusted leaders, is as strong as ever it was. The fact is that Lord Rosebery's rather too eager depreciators do not understand the character of the Scotch people or of Lord Rosebery's popularity with them. Level-headed Liberals of the North do not

think any the worse of him because he has, in effect, said that he cannot do two things at once; because, while he has been devoting himself to the work of the London County Council, he has not been present upon every Home Rule platform on the other side of the Tweed. He has not swerved a hair's breadth from the principles and programme of 1886; Mr. Gladstone has no more enthusiastic admirer or more loyal lieutenant than he; he has been equal to every party emergency, and has responded to every call that has been made upon him. The question which has been asked by Scotchmen who take an interest in the career of Lord Rosebery—an interest which is almost paternal—is, Has he done his work as Chairman of the London County Council thoroughly and satisfactorily? The answer has been a cordial affirmative; as a County Councillor Lord Rosebery has been no less successful than he was at the Foreign Office. The time has almost come when it will be incumbent on him to work, as a Peer constitutionally can, to secure the return of an overwhelming Home Rule majority at next General Election, and he may be relied upon to do as much as he did in 1880. Meanwhile his countrymen are confident that he has acted wisely in spending so much of the time, during which his party have been in Opposition, in making himself familiar with the wishes of the British Democracy at home, and the administration of the British Empire abroad. Liberals of To-morrow are quite as much needed as Liberals of To-day. Lord Rosebery is not only a loyal Liberal of To-day, but he has qualified himself to be one of the most useful Liberals of To-morrow.

Lord Rosebery is the leader of the Liberal party in Scotland, as is admitted by none more freely than by Lord Aberdeen, Lord Elgin, and those other members of the Scotch peerage who have borne with him the burden and heat of the day—before Home Rule. And, paradoxical as it may seem to say so, the commanding character of the position Lord Rosebery occupies is due in large measure to what from the personal point of view seems its weakness. Of all living peers, he is the most democratic, in the sense that he feels more keenly than any other member of his order what an anachronism and absurdity the existing Upper Chamber is. And yet he belongs—in a very real sense—to a country which Presbyterianism and the superior education of the poorer inhabitants have made the most purely democratic of the Three Kingdoms. If it is true that the American Union is one large middle-class, it is not less true that Scotland is one compact submiddle class. Lord Rosebery has frequently and undisguisedly chafed under what seems the impotence entailed upon him by the fact of his being a member of a privileged order. But a man of capacity, and especially of capacity for leadership, is never really impotent. If he does not exert his power in one way he exerts it in another. And so, prevented from taking a common soldier's *rôle* in the struggles of denominations and even of parties in Scotland, Lord Rosebery has been left all the freer to survey them with composure, and to study them in connection with the general political progress of the time. All the world knows that Lord Rosebery is "permeated" by the idea of Federation; all Scotland is grateful to him for taking the lead in that movement which gave her a Secretary, and has, in consequence, caused more attention to be paid to her legitimate demands. He may, therefore, be trusted to deal with the question of Scotch Home Rule when it comes within the range of practical politics in the proper spirit. No member of either party realises more completely the value of perspective and proportion in politics, and yet both are occasionally, and almost inevitably, forgotten in the perfervid North. Hence it is that the position of Lord Rosebery in Scotland is, in spite of many superficial and a few genuine dissimilarities, not unlike that of Mr. Parnell in Ireland.

WHY NOT ABOLISH PARTY GOVERNMENT?

A BRITISH Ministry is an executive committee chosen by the House of Commons to carry on the government of the country. The House of Commons differs from every other public body in choosing its executive exclusively from the majority, assigning to the minority no share of either the pleasures or responsibilities of office. In a model Town Council the various executive departments are managed by committees on which the majority and minority are represented roughly in proportion to their strength in full council. The result of thus associating the minority with the work of administration is to beget good-feeling and loyalty, and to minimise factious obstruction. The Councillor feels that his first duty is to the Council, his second to his party within it. The town presents a proud and united front to outsiders. Progress is continuous and assured. Why not extend this system to the highest of all Councils—the House of Commons? No one can study English politics for a week without being convinced that there is something fundamentally wrong in a system which forces men, members of the same State, bound together by the strongest and most sacred ties of history, kinship, and interest, to revile one another as traitors, cowards, tyrants, and pettifogging, cozening knaves. If our political opponents were what we say they are, we should go forth and hang ourselves for very shame at the thought that they are our brethren. What fiend is it that thus impels us to these insane orgies of slander? Briefly, it is the thirst for place and power. When an Opposition is taunted with a desire to regain office, the dignified disdain with which it repels the charge is ennobling to behold. But the charge is commonly true. The mere love of pay is perhaps still a minor element in the formation of party spirit, although in these days of docked rents and middle-class leaderships, it is more powerful than of yore. The main ingredients of party spirit are a craving for the sense of power, for Court favour, for being in the swim, for the adulation of the world, for the chief seats at feasts and ceremonials, *levées*, reviews, City dinners, and the like—things which seem perhaps mere weariness to the private man, but are bright spots amidst the stress and gloom of public life. If an Opposition had its share of the good things and the responsibilities of office, its anxiety to regain the ascendant would be less feverish, and it would be more careful in the means which it employed to gain its ends. My plan for exorcising the demon of faction would be to place every political department under a president chosen from the majority, with two or four colleagues—usually only two—chosen in equal proportions from the majority and minority. The daily detail of administration would be divided among the three (or five) who, for the discussion of more important matters, would assemble daily "as a board." They would usually agree on such occasions; but if they could not, the decision of the department would be that of the majority. It would be open to the minority member, thus overruled, to question in Parliament the decision of his colleagues. When the department was attacked in Parliament on other matters, the minority member would usually defend its acts, or at most adopt the attitude of a candid friend, putting the best construction on the motives, if not upholding the wisdom, of his departmental colleagues. If the issue was a direct party one, he would, of course, speak and vote with the Opposition. Generally speaking, it would be his province to prevent intrigues and surprises, and to permeate his colleagues with

as much of his own political spirit as they were capable of assimilating. His success would greatly depend upon his personal weight. The minority Ministers, being few in number, would usually consist of the very flower of the Opposition; and it might often happen that a minority member might practically rule a great department of State through years of political adversity for his own friends. A department manned by the Duke of Rutland and Lord Cadogan, with Sir William Harcourt for a colleague, would not show much Rutland or Cadogan in its practical acts.

For purposes of general legislation and administrative policy, the presidents of the departments would take counsel among themselves in secret as a Cabinet—the minority members also holding conclave apart with a view of opposing and counterworking the majority in its general policy. But there would be an end of all party opposition of the sort which is merely obstruction, or has for its object to throw general discredit on the good sense, honour, and fairness of the Administration. The King's government would "go on"—that is, the nation's work would get itself done—at all times and all seasons without hindrance or vexation. Not that the Government of the day would be freed from wholesome criticism. If it were once understood that the Administration did not change its complexion, except on great party issues, an enormous mass of dumb discontent would be released, and find voice on the Government side, which would far outweigh in value what was lost by the humanising of the minority.

The first objection which may be made to such a scheme is that Ministers would not enjoy that secrecy in their operations which is essential to administrative success. But the obvious answer is that where the secrecy means, as it sometimes does, a facility for lying to and hoodwinking the nation, it is neither a good nor needful thing. Secrecy in matters of foreign and military administration could always be reckoned on, as being imposed on the minority Ministers by the laws of honour and convention. If Mr. Bryce had been at the Foreign Office last summer, he would not have published the heads of the Anglo-German Agreement, although he would hardly have failed to better them. In the *Melbourne Argus* of the 6th of September Sir Charles Dilke mentions that he had been aware of the main provisions of the Anglo-German Convention for some weeks before it was published. If he knew them, then all the front Opposition Bench may have known them; but nobody peached. If it were so absolutely necessary to conceal all knowledge of their plans from people of an opposite way of thinking in politics, Her Majesty's Ministers would be in a sorry plight as it is, for in nearly every Government office their most confidential permanent adviser is an ex-private secretary of Mr. Gladstone, who is also possibly an *habitué* of Hawarden. Then there is the objection of expense; but if the salaries of the Great Household officers were brought into hotch-potch, and if official salaries were revised so as to bring the majority of them down to a sensible figure, there would be money enough available to give each "President" £2,500 a year, with from £2,000 to £1,500 for each of his colleagues. The three Ministers who are "entertainers of the stranger"—viz., the Foreign, Colonial, and Indian Secretaries—should continue to enjoy their present £5,000 a year.

Apart from the sweetening of public life, what seems to me to specially recommend the abolition of party government is the near advent of "Collectivism." The combination of State-Socialism with party government in a purely democratic State can lead but to one goal—national debauch ending in national collapse. We see the thing working out before our eyes in Australia—a reckless piling up of debt to create wages, each party outbidding the other in the evil competition, no party able to hold power for many months without sending to London to procure the sops with which to quiet its Cerberus. Happily for ourselves, this particular road to ruin will not be open for traffic in our case. The one service which the pessimistic individualist can do to his country is to cry down its credit. By the time Sidney Webb and his men in buckram are bivouacked in Downing Street, no Stock Exchange will think it safe to lend England a five-pound note. The Fabian Chancellor of Exchequer will have to make his annual expenditure balance his annual income. But there are other ways of reaching disaster besides bankruptcy. If the struggle for place and the rancour of political life were to maintain their present level at a time when 40 per cent. of the electorate were in State or municipal employ, it would be impossible to maintain any order in the finances, any discipline in the services, any method in administrative business. In struggling madly for the votes of the State stokers, the municipal milkmen, and the district dentists, the politicians would outbid one another in promises of high pay, short hours, easy tasks, and early pensions, until the whole fabric of English life came down in one mighty crash. We see a foretaste already of what would happen in the sordid manœuvring for the police vote, the postal vote, and the school-teacher vote, in constituencies where such votes are potent. There never was a meaner spectacle than that of Radical politicians and papers taking sides against Mr. Matthews in his fight with Commissioner Monro—a man whom they had cause to hate, and did actually and most cordially hate, for his attitude towards Irish Nationalism.

A Permanent Official.

THE ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF SUGARS.

Barely have sixty-two years elapsed since the great German chemist Wöhler prepared urea artificially. Up to that date the opinion was generally held that all chemical compounds which are found in the bodies of animals or plants could not be made artificially. They, it was said, are the results of vital action, and the endeavour to prepare them in the laboratory was considered as impossible, and almost as wicked as to try to manufacture an homunculus. Wöhler's discovery at once dissipated that false notion, and since his time the labours of chemists have resulted in the manufacture of hundreds of compounds formerly only obtainable by natural processes carried on in living organisms. The latest and perhaps the most remarkable of these triumphs of synthetic chemistry has just been made known to us. The group of bodies termed by chemists the carbo-hydrates—because they are composed of carbon united with oxygen and hydrogen in the proportion in which those two elements combine to form water—contain the well-known series of sugars, gums, and starches. The chemical composition of these bodies has long been known, but a knowledge of their constitution—that is, the mode in which their several constituent parts are put together—has only recently been acquired. It is clear that until we know what is the structure of a complicated arrangement of atoms, it is useless to attempt to build up that arrangement. We must have a plan of the house before we can build it. Such a plan of the structure of the sugars is now in our possession, and their artificial production has therefore become a possibility, and in the hands of a distinguished German chemist, Professor Emil Fischer, of Würzburg, that possibility has just been converted into a reality. The various steps by which this great result has been accomplished can only be explained and appreciated by those familiar with the intricacies of modern organic chemistry. But the importance of the discovery is patent to all. The group of carbo-hydrates (sugar and starch) are, next to the albuminoids (eggs and flesh), the most important

material needed to support animal life. Indeed, the vegetarians would, and perhaps rightly, place them first. Can we look forward to a time when the chemist will manufacture our sugar, when the sugar-cane and the beet-root will cease to be planted, because their products can be more cheaply manufactured from coal or wood? Results apparently as improbable have happened. Who could have foreseen that the thousands of acres upon which the madder-plant grew in France and Turkey would now yield corn and hay, because it was found that the dye formerly obtained from that plant can be more cheaply made from coal-tar? So, too, indigo has been artifically obtained, and who can tell that a recent new process for its manufacture may not prove fatal to the indigo planter? That the process of making sugar artificially is now too expensive to compete with Nature is, therefore, no proof that cheaper processes will not be discovered; indeed, that this will happen may be taken for granted. So that, looking back to the enormous strides which chemistry has made during the last half-century, and seeing what has already been accomplished, he would be a bold man who should dare to define the limits of her power, or to declare that our grandchildren may not use artificial sugar to sweeten their tea, and that Jamaica may know the sugar-cane no more. From a biological point of view, too, this discovery is of deep interest and importance. We know nothing, or as good as nothing, of the processes by which sugar is produced in the plant, nor how this sugar is transformed into starch, fat, and woody fibre. Are these results due to a special vital force, or does this expression merely serve as a cloak for our ignorance, and will careful investigation show that these substances are built up in the plant by methods similar to those which are now successfully employed in our laboratories? That this latter is the true view is the belief of the chemist, and nearer towards that end the discovery of Fischer has undoubtedly brought us.

An interesting physiological question now presents itself. Supposing that these artificial sugars were to become articles of common diet, what will be their effect on the animal economy? That two chemical compounds may possess the same composition, and even the same chemical arrangement of their parts, and yet act differently from a physiological point of view, is well known. And still more likely will this be if the artificial sugar differs in composition from the natural one. The blood and tissue which are formed from the artificial carbo-hydrates may differ from those which are the results of the assimilation of the natural sugars. If the pig and the goose were fattened on an artificial diet, their fat might differ from that which they now form; and the bee fed on manufactured sugar might yield another kind of wax.

But we may go one step further. We know that plants not only convert sugar into fat, starch, and woody fibre, but that in presence of certain minute organisms they form nitrogenous or albuminoid compounds such as the gluten of wheat. Supposing it were possible to feed plants or these minute organisms on artificial sugars, differing in their properties from their ordinary food, it might force the plant to manufacture a new kind of albumen. And then what new structures might not be expected to start up from the use of the new building material?

Chemistry would then, for the first time, bring her potent influence to bear upon the structure of organised beings, and the changes of form which would result might prove to be of the strangest and most unexpected kind—changes far more remarkable than all those, singular and far-reaching though they be, caused by processes of artificial selection or of cross-breeding. The revelations of science have already outstripped the marvellous. What yet remains concealed in her bosom defies the wit of man to foretell.

H. E. Roscoe.

THE DRAMATIC SIDE OF POLITICS.

"THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly," there are rare occasions when one can see the actual movement of the wheels—can watch, as it were, the hand upon the world's great clock as it leaps from point to point. Usually the evolution of new forces is so slow that it is only the historian who can show how one sprang from the other and trace the thread of consequence which links together events that to the spectator seemed wholly unconnected. Some such thought as this passes through my mind as I sit at a window looking out upon the sunny Boulevard des Italiens this bright autumn morning; for it is in Paris more clearly than in any other place in the world that the dramatic side of politics forces itself upon the spectator's notice. Within the span of a single life what world-moving changes these Parisians have seen! For them at least politics are a drama in which one exciting act succeeds another, and incident crowds upon incident, in breathless haste, holding the spectator spellbound until the end of another chapter in the great play is reached.

It is not of the reminiscences of a lifetime (a lifetime in Paris!) that I have to speak here; but of two scenes that come back vividly from the not remote past, to point perhaps a lesson of to-day. How many years is it since I sat in the corner of a tribune in the Chamber and heard M. Rouher's memorable speech in defence of the Second Empire? He was the man who had been Vice-Emperor, almost the most potent personage in the State during the latter years of Napoleon's reign. Now he had fallen so low that in all that crowded Chamber there was none to do him reverence. The fabric of which he had been one of the pillars had crumbled into dust; the once brilliant Court was represented by a widow at Chislehurst; Paris was still scarred by the wounds inflicted on the beautiful city in 1870 and 1871. M. Rouher was a brave man; but the courage he displayed that day in standing before the representatives of the nation his master had betrayed was almost superhuman. Hour after hour he spoke, passionately, eloquently, pleadingly; and not a sound was heard but his voice resounding through the hall. Once, exhausted by the physical effort of addressing that icily silent audience, he asked for a moment's respite, and sat down, wiping the perspiration from his streaming brows, wetting his feverish lips from the glass of water in his hand; looking more like a hunted wild beast than any human being I had ever seen before. And all the while the pitiless rows of immovable countenances before him looked on with an awful stillness; hate, vengeance, and contempt written on every face. If he had been pleading for his life before a tribunal of Red Indians, the spectacle could not have been more dramatic. *That*, rather than the spectacle presented by the straggling procession of ruined men who followed Louis Napoleon to his grave at Chislehurst, seemed to me to be the dramatic culmination of the fall of the Empire.

But it was rather of another scene that I wished to speak here. Just thirteen years ago in this very month of October, and on exactly such a sunny Sunday morning as the present, the Republic passed through the crisis of its fate, and escaped from the greatest danger which had ever threatened it. For months before, under the presidency of MacMahon—the new "Saviour of Society"—a vast conspiracy against the liberties of France had slowly been woven. Society, of course, was on the side of the conspirators. You could not hope to enter a fashionable *salon* in Paris if you were suspected of a leaning, however slight, towards the detested "Left." Thiers, the man who had laid France under an eternal debt by freeing her soil from the foot of the invader, had been driven from power, and was being pursued with the abuse, the calumny, the ridicule with which to-day the leader of the Liberal party in another country is being pursued by those who call

themselves the "loyal and patriotic" section of the community. It was on Gambetta, however, that the hottest vials of the Conservative wrath were poured. The wretch, the madman, the charlatan, the bloodthirsty traitor, as he was indifferently called by his political opponents, had brought himself within reach of the long arm of the law, and was under prosecution before a police magistrate. There were "scenes" in the police-court, and the friends of "law and order" pointed to them triumphantly in proof of the desperate character of the public foes against whom the Government had been compelled to proceed. To the friends of liberty it seemed that the prospects of France were very dark; but there was one gleam of light on the horizon. A general election was at hand, and men hoped that Thiers would lead the popular party to a new victory, and again take the place he had filled so well as Chief of the State.

Alas! at the very moment when the two armies were ranging themselves for the contest—the one trusting to all the forces of wealth, social prejudice, intrigue, the unscrupulous abuse of the power which it held; the other hoping only that the voice of France would again be heard on the side of freedom and justice—a great calamity fell upon the Republic. Thiers died; and the Republicans found themselves without a leader. Coarse and venomous were the insults hurled at the dead statesman, whose illustrious life was forgotten in the bitterness of party hatred. His very funeral, as it passed through the streets of the city he loved, was made the subject of insulting police regulations; even his widow in the first days of her mourning was pelted with mud by the Conservative press.

But the fury of the Ministerialists waxed a thousand times greater when Gambetta, in defiance of the police-court to which he was held subject, flung himself into the great breach left by Thiers; boldly repeated, at the meeting of his constituents which alone he was permitted to address during the contest, the very words that had entailed upon him the prosecution he was undergoing, and summoned France to rally round "the glorious bier" of the dead patriot. And behind that coffin France marched to victory. The miscreants who would fain have attempted a *coup d'état* quailed before the might of the Republican host. Bribery, corruption, shameless intimidation, fraud the most outrageous, were tried in vain. Led by the man whom Republicans themselves at this time had hardly learnt to trust, and inspired by the last testament of the illustrious dead of Père-la-Chaise, the electors of Paris cast their votes into the urns against the men who impudently pretended that they monopolised respect for law and order, patriotism, and all the civic virtues.

Never was there such a scene on these boulevards as that on which I looked on the evening of that Sunday in October on which the elections took place. All through the day the battle had been fought with a quiet, persistent energy which, whilst it gave no excuse to those who would fain have filled the streets of Paris with armed men, bespoke the Republican confidence in victory. But at night, when the battle had been won, when from *arrondissement* after *arrondissement* came the news of the defeat of the Conservatives, the people threw off their self-imposed restraint, and from end to end the noble boulevards were filled with a joyous crowd—laughing, singing, cheering, talking, as only a French crowd can do. The great treason had been defeated, and the Republic was saved.

It is only thirteen years ago. Can it be possible that in 1877 we were within an ace of seeing the triumph of a great reactionary conspiracy which would have retarded the advance of freedom in Europe by many years? One can scarcely realise the fact. But what is still harder to realise is the fate which has overtaken the men who were then the usurping rulers of France—ruling her by dishonest party combinations in defiance of public opinion. Where are they now—De Broglie, Fourtou, MacMahon? Their very names are almost forgotten. Whether in the flesh or out of it, politically they are dead. And what is stranger still is the fact that in all these years the Republic has grown steadily stronger without the stimulus of the help to be derived from great men. "Who can lead France now that Thiers is gone?" was the universal cry on that dark September day in 1877 when the patriot leader passed away. Gambetta answered to the call, and, distrusted though he was by many good Republicans, did his work well during his brief day. But Gambetta also is gone; and no great men have arisen in France since his time. Yet the Republic has grown yearly stronger. None of the evils which its enemies predicted from its triumph in 1877 have come to pass; and all Europe is the better, the happier, the more tranquil, because of its continued existence—the surest guarantee of the world's peace which can ever be wished for.

In all which things it seems to me that there is a moral for politicians nearer home, if only they will consent to turn their eyes for a moment on the dramatic side of politics.

THE SPEAKER'S GALLERY.

XII.—John Ruskin.

IT was certainly fortunate for the world, though it was perhaps unfortunate for Mr. Ruskin himself, that the hour which brought him into existence was also the hour of the steam-engine, of the telegraph-wire, of rapid change and excitement—the epoch of new wine bursting old bottles; in short, of all the things which most vex his soul, and against which he has spent so much of his life protesting and waging a gallant fight. The in-rushing wheels and wires have gone on whirring in wider and wider circles, and the noise and the confusion have increased from day to day notwithstanding his protests; and yet one may fairly ask how much worse off might not we have been had not such protests as those of Ruskin been heard calling above the din? Don Quixote did not annihilate windmills, but neither have windmills annihilated Don Quixote; on the contrary, they have carried his fame upon their wings, and his influence is as potent as ever.

Ours is a curious generation, an age of exaggerated thinking and complicated living. Our ideals differ as much from the simpler romanticisms of Don Quixote's times as from the elaborate polished sword-thrusts and courtesies of our own great-grandfathers; though dreams of the past are still the fashion, and affectation very generally stands in the place of fine manners.

We are an intelligent race—appreciative, talkative; there are a great many young heads on old shoulders, and *vice versâ*. We follow the greater lights from sincere admiration, and also partly to show our own superiority and critical powers. But we are not altogether past praying for; there *are* just men in Edom, both among the critics and the creators. Their names are on all our lips—warriors, poets, novelists, and painters—philosophical critics and students who have made the golden history of the century. It is difficult to know exactly in which category to place our author: probably his own father's exclamation, "He should have been a bishop," most accurately describes him, if a bishop could be all that Ruskin's own exquisite analysis would imply—a seer, as well as a guide. The author of the "Stones of Venice" is certainly a poet, something of a painter, very much of a student. Perhaps at no time of the world's history could his eloquence have been more needed, and so well understood by his reader, as at present. There are few among us who cannot delight in his music—in his noble style

—his passionate love of Nature, and perception for her wonders.

Ruskin has been solemnly chosen as a leader by a certain school, and yet it is rather as an eloquent disciple than as a teacher that he is unequalled. Others have had theories more consistent, lessons more practical and definite, than his; but who has ever accepted the lesson of nature with a loftier humility, or repeated it more nobly than he has done? His is indeed a voice crying in the wilderness where others are laying down a railway which is to burst in, hammering and clattering, and supplying the varieties of food and clothing which are to take the place of the hair-skins and wild honey with which an earlier generation was content.

If Ruskin had been born in a mediæval age, one may guess the wry face he might have made at the locusts; but one can also imagine the peace and joy with which he would have noted the tranquil succession of the days and of the seasons in their turn, and the fresh, unsullied aspect of his silent retreat. Glorious psalms he would have sung for us from his peaceful cell in some tranquil monastery, where he would surely have been chosen Abbot by the admiring brothers; but, after all, those psalms could be scarcely as glorious as those which he has chaunted from his stall in the world's changing cathedral, amid the boom of machinery, the clang of arms, the solemn sound of the organ, and the cries of the money-lenders. His genius is partial, and, fortunately for us, as we have said, not easily diverted from its own peculiar impressions. Year after year he has worked on, undisturbed by the din of change, in obedience to the secret law of his being. His peculiar inspiration is like sunshine, lighting up wherever it falls; and like sunshine, too, it is apt to fall on one side of the road, and to leave in absolute shadow many things which are no less true than the rest. To call in aid of your argument the shadows you have cast yourself is perhaps not logical; but what logic has yet done for the world is, to say the least, uncertain. The future of logic is before it.

One must not expect from this brilliant, pious, and eloquent imagination the qualities of a Dryasdust or of a concentrated specialist—but where has it not penetrated, working on conscientiously for near half a century? Ruskin's studies began with Modern Painters, and an inquiry into the æsthetic laws in so far as they apply to painting, and to Turner in particular; then he applied himself to beauty in form as well as in line and colour, proving his theories from various aspects of architecture and stone ornamentation. Still more exquisitely given are the descriptions which follow, of nature, of earth and air, and mountain and cloud, and the phenomena thereto belonging, of which the further study led him to become the exponent, as well as of many natural phenomena. Then he tried his hand at the problems of life, of which the tides defy the will of kings, as Ruskin himself would be the first to point out. Finally comes his autobiography, containing exquisite passages which he himself has never surpassed. His praise is greater than his blame, his benediction is a joy and a truth; but his excommunications often fall aside of the mark (as excommunications are apt to do). But, whether to assent to or dissent from his views, our literature is full of his impress.

Ruskin himself, writing on the spread of truth, says that the fulness of it is developed and manifested more and more by the reverberation from minds of the same *mirror temper* in succeeding ages. "You will understand Homer better by seeing his reflection in Dante, as you may trace new forms and softer colours in a hillside redoubled by a lake;" and these words most certainly apply to Ruskin himself, to his own work and to his exquisite reflections of art and nature. It may be, indeed, that our age is a specially reflecting period, intended to do justice to the things which have been passed over in less responsive and more self-centred times.

We are in the habit of appealing to the judgment of posterity to settle the real place to which a great writer is entitled; but there are certain things of which, after all, we can judge for ourselves far better than any unborn generations—things such as the actual meaning of a man's words and the present value of his ideas, and in what degree they apply to our actual or our impending necessities—and Ruskin's immediate influence and value must not be left out of account in our estimate of his work. If a reviewer tries to project his point of view from the year 1890 to 1990, or even to the next half of the coming century, one very obvious difficulty meets him at once. Though we may easily imagine how we ourselves might feel in fifty or a hundred years from now, we cannot foretell in the least how the generation then existing will feel, and in what spirit its criticisms will be set forth. Rousseau is still admired for his fitful genius and moments of elevation, but his practical teaching is so obvious to our ideas that it would be almost childish to quote it now to any respectable family.

Whatever Ruskin's influence may be in the future, no one will deny its importance in the present, and how much of that which is generous and poetic in the romantic and impressionable English nation—for romantic and impressionable, even to the verge of silliness, we are, whatever may be said to the contrary—has found a vent in his noble poetry, in his happy inspiration.

He himself, speculating on our future, has an eloquent and reassuring passage in his "Athena," with which we may perhaps fittingly conclude:—

> "Is our land also to be left by its angered spirit," he cries, "left among those where sunshine vainly sweet, and passionate folly of storm, waste themselves in the silent places of knowledge that has passed away, and of tongues that have ceased? This only we may discern assuredly: the every true light of science, every mercifully granted power, every wisely restricted thought, teach us more clearly, day by day, that in the heavens above and the earth beneath there is a continual and omnipotent presence of help and of peace for all men who know that they live and remember that they die."

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XXIII.—On a 'Bus.

WHEN I walk down Fleet Street, I feel that I am not doing quite the right thing; I am not absolutely in harmony with my environment. When I ride down it in a hansom, I feel still more out of touch with the average man in the Fleet Street crowd; I am outside the crowd; I am select; I belong for the time being to the classes. But on the top of a 'bus I catch the spirit of the place exactly. The average Londoner is hurried and not extravagant—too hurried to walk, too economical to take cabs. Those who walk have not reached the social tone of Fleet Street; to walk any distance over one mile in London is to proclaim poverty or an athletic tendency. To take a cab is unseemly and ostentatious, and savours rather of Piccadilly or Kensington. But to ride on the top of a 'bus from Liverpool Street to Charing Cross is to show an exquisite sense of fitness and suitability. It is also a very good pennyworth.

On a cold wet day in winter the men ride outside, and the women inside. That is quite right; no man would wish it to be otherwise. On a fine hot day in summer I generally have to throw down my cigar and get myself suffocated inside; all the seats outside are occupied by women, who, it is presumed, do not wish to smoke. I am sorry, of course, to waste twopence which I have expended on a cigar—an average Londoner never gives less—but then one feels chivalrous and self-sacrificing. Personally, I would not complain, were it not for the sake of the 'bus-horses. I am on quite intimate terms with one or two of them. The omnibus must be stopped for every woman who climbs on to the top of it; a man, unless he is old or infirm, need not, and

generally does not, stop the 'bus. It must be stopped again when she climbs down. Omnibuses have to keep time; these wasted minutes have to be made up somehow, and the horses suffer for it. Of course the women do not want to be cruel; they only want to be comfortable, and it is undoubtedly more comfortable to ride outside on a hot day. And some of them do not quite understand how to show kindness to the omnibus horses.

"There was tew of 'em up here," the driver said to me, speaking of this point, "and one of 'em got off, as it might be, at that corner, stoppin' the bus, o' course. Three doors further on the other one makes me pull up agen. So I says to 'er, 'You'll excuse me, ma'am, but why couldn't you get down when your friend did? It wouldn't a' bin more 'n tew or three steps to walk, and you'd 'ave saved my 'orses.' An' she says to me, 'Why, you silly man, I wanted to give the 'orses a rest.' An' I didn't say nothin'. If I'd used langwidge, I should a' bin reported. An' that's where it is, yer know." She had not considered that the moment's rest would not compensate for the tremendous strain of starting a heavy omnibus, and would only be wasted time which would have to be made up afterwards. This particular driver did not like women who were riding on the top of his 'bus to dig him in the back with their umbrellas as a sign that they wanted to stop. "Look 'ere, ma'am," he said to one offender, "I'm put 'ere for to drive these 'orses and to be spoke to when necessary. And I ain't here to 'ave the dirty end of your humberreller shoved into my ribs."

A driver who is steering his 'bus on a greasy road through a torrent of traffic—who has an eye for a potential passenger on the pavement—is conversing with an actual passenger on the box-seat, and is at the same time lighting his pipe with a wooden match in a high wind, nevertheless finds spare moments for a few words with his friends or enemies among the drivers or conductors of passing omnibuses:

"Bill!"

"Ay?"

"I've got a blister for to-morrer, my boy!"

"What, agin?"

"Ay, agin—'ere yer are, lyedy, Sloane Street—fur wanton drivin', with the 'bus standin' still all the time, s' help me!"

He explained the apparent paradox to me, pausing in the middle of it to shout a "Gar'n, ole fat-'ead!" to the totally inoffensive conductor of the 'bus in front of us.

"Look at 'im," he said to me, pointing with his whip at that same conductor; "that's ole Ike. I 'ate that man. No—'e ain't done nothin' to me, but we never was pals, me and ole Ike. E's just a little too—'igherrup there, 'igherrup!" I never heard what was the precise point where Ike was so wrong.

There is no hatred so bitter as that which is felt by the first occupant of a garden-seat towards the stranger who subsequently shares it with him. A garden-seat will hold the greater part of two people, but it is only comfortable for one. It does not do, of course, to show this hatred. You even shift about a little, as if you were trying to make more room for the other man, although you would not be so absurd as to actually do so. I wonder if the other man knows that all the time you are wanting his life, that you would like to see him torn to pieces by wild 'bus-horses! Probably he is not deceived; he hates you just about as much. And yet the substitution of garden-seats for the old knife-board has led to a greater number of people riding outside. Nervous people did not quite like getting to the end seat on the knife-board; if they stumbled, they felt that they would certainly go over the side of the 'bus; with the arrangement of the garden-seats they feel safer. There is somebody on each side of them to fall on as they walk to their place. It is interesting to mark them that choose out the front seats of omnibuses. Some of them are personal friends of the driver, and desire conversation with him; others want to get the most of the view; women sometimes sit there to avoid the nauseous smell of tobacco; children always choose the front seat because it is distinctive and differs from the rest. Children have as keen an eye as the critics for quality.

I think I like best the journey homeward from Piccadilly Circus at night, after the theatres are closed. One feels so proud of Metropolitan activity. We are very busy, and yet we will have time for pleasure, even if we take the time from our hours of sleep. Here the streets are still brightly lit; the traffic is thick all round; one can buy a newspaper, or wax matches, or a gardenia, without taking the trouble to enter a shop. Yet in country villages at this hour the lights are all out, the street is quiet, the people are asleep. I am told that the people in the country have pleasures, but they are not the pleasures of the average Londoner. To-night I have secured an outside seat to myself. In front of me a young man, called Henry, is seated with a young maiden called Mary. Henry has been taking her to the pit of the theatre, and paying for a little supper afterwards, and generally doing the thing well.

"Now, look 'ere," he says, "I'd seen that piece afore, Mary, and I thought you'd like it, and that was what I said to your mother. Maybe I was wrong, and maybe I wasn't. Now, was I?"

"'Enery," said the maiden with grateful enthusiasm, "I don't think I ever enjyed myself so much in my life. Beautiful ain't the word for it. It were just like 'eaven, an' I laughed till my sides ached."

Conversation droops as the 'bus gets on towards Brompton. I think everybody is rather tired. One does not often talk to strangers on the top of an omnibus; but I did once meet with an exception. A cadaverous-looking young man came out of the darkness of the night at Hyde Park, and took one-third of my seat, for which I hated him. But he wanted to be friendly. He began by telling me something about the ducal goat which one sees at the corner of Park Lane, something which was very strange, and even seemed to me to be impossible. It was interesting, and I would mention it here, if I were not afraid that the goat would be offended. Then he talked about himself, and told me that he was a shocking poor eater, and gave me a list of the things which he fancied most. He did not appear to want any replies; he just talked on and on. I have often wondered why he told me these things; I had intended to ask him, but I fell asleep while he was talking, and when I woke up again he had gone.

THE LITERARY ASPIRANT'S MANUAL.

III.—Play-writing.

YOU must have noticed that nearly all literary hands of experience not only take care never to have plays of theirs produced on the public stage, but warn aspirants (in newspapers, reviews, and books) against having anything to do with play-writing. Why is this? The object of the present chapter is to answer that question in as practical a manner as possible, and perhaps this can be best accomplished by explaining certain technical stage terms which you must often see in print without understanding their significance. When I have done, you will realise that the chief objection to writing plays is that once the managers know you are at it they will give you no peace. Unless, therefore, you are prepared to furnish plays for all, you had far better avoid dramatic writing.

The Actor-Manager Agitation. You must have come across this phrase often in your reading, and if you are a member of a literary club you probably know that a new monthly magazine entitled *The Actor-Manager Review* (half a crown) is in contemplation. If you merely read the articles on the

actor-manager agitation they taught you nothing; but if you listened to what experienced hands said about them, you must have learned a good deal. Experienced hands read "between the lines," and they can tell you what the actor-manager agitation really means. It arises from the notorious fact that, while ordinary managers (namely those who do not act themselves) badger literary hands (such as prominent novelists) for plays, the actor-manager positively pesters us for them. It is not difficult to see why the actor-manager can be more of a nuisance in this way than other managers. He is more frequently asked out to the high society where literary characters are to be met, and you are eternally encountering him at your club, where, of course, he at once pounces upon you for a play. Literary men are, therefore, in league to stamp out the actor-manager. This will take time, and meanwhile my advice to you is that (unless you are prepared to give the man a play for immediate production) the moment you are introduced to an actor-manager you should take up your hat and run.

"*What has become of Mr. Robingson's play?*" This is a stock phrase, always kept in type in newspaper offices where they supply theatrical gossip. The only word requiring to be changed at times is "Robingson." The phrase is easily explained. Every week the papers announce that Mr. Robingson (the poet), or Mr. Brown (the novelist), or Mr. Jones (the essayist), or Mr. Smith (the journalist), has just completed a play for the Lyceum, or the Haymarket, or the Garrick, or the Criterion, where it is to be produced on December 10th. "No little interest," the paragraphist says, "is being manifested in this play by a man of recognised literary style, and Mr. Irving (or Mr. Tree, or Mr. Hare, or Mr. Wyndham) is to be congratulated on his public spirit." Then no more is heard of the piece until the paragraphist remembers it and asks, "What has become of Mr. Robingson's play?" No one answers. What has happened, however, is this: Robingson, who had promised to do the play in a moment of good-nature, finds that if a piece by him is produced at one theatre, all the other actor-managers will besiege him for new pieces. He, therefore, creeps out of the agreement as best he can.

Champagne and chicken. Observe how experienced hands raise their eyebrows and look at each other furtively when this phrase is uttered in conversation. Long ago managers found out that literary characters were mortal, and on this discovery they trade. No sooner will some annoying paragraphist have mentioned in his paper that you are engaged upon a play than the managers will seek out your address in the Directory (which is the aspirant's curse), and invite you to a chicken and champagne supper. It takes place on the stage after the curtain is down, and you will probably be one of a dozen aspirants brought here for this same purpose. The crafty manager plies you with champagne, and next morning you wake up to find that you have signed an agreement with him.

Blank Cheques. It is a favourite plan of actor-managers to send you a blank cheque, which you are requested to fill up for any sum you please. In return, of course, they want a play from you. I have known literary hands captured in this way after they had circumvented managers for years. Beware of blank cheques.

"*Another Fracas in a Theatre.*" This also is a theatrical phrase kept in stereotype by all respectable newspapers. The sub-title is, "An Author gets his Head Punched." You may have noticed that these rows usually take place at first nights. For the benefit of the ordinary public they are explained in ways which you (if you read between the lines) will smile at. The *fracas* is really an incident in the actor-manager question. Authors attend first nights in large numbers, and the actor-manager, knowing this, lays his plans to capture them. He scatters minions (technically known to literary hands as "hawks") throughout the theatre, and it is the office of these persons to knock down all authors who refuse on the spot to write a play for the manager. Authors, of course, are now on the alert, and when they recognise a minion they gather together with the cry, "Hawk, hawk, hawk!" and fight their way out of the building. These scenes have never been so common as of late, which shows that managers are becoming desperate. Of course, this sort of thing could not happen were it not for the wretched state of our copyright laws, which do not give literary men even the copyright of their persons.

"*Mr. Robingson has gone to Clovelly for a rest. He is residing there incognito under the name of Younghusband.*" This means that Robingson has fairly had to run away from the actor-managers; indeed, he probably supplied the paragraph himself. Why should Robingson, merely because he is a poet who has written (for the closet) in dramatic form, be worried to flight by inconsiderate managers? You will perhaps say that he might have stayed at home, only taking the precaution to write in his bedroom and have the door locked on the inside. This shows lamentable ignorance of the ways of managers. Once they know that you are a poet they will take no refusal. I have known them sit for hours at a poet's door, calmly resolved to starve him out.

"*We understand that the lessee of the Ambiguous Comic is on the outlook for a new play.*" This announcement appears, let us say, on Monday. On Tuesday there are many literary paragraphs, such as, "*We regret to announce that Mr. Robingson has been suddenly taken ill*," or "*Mr. Robingson left last night for Spain.*" Here, it need scarcely be said, we have cause and effect.

"*My dear Henry, you are wrong, as usual. It was not an author, but an actor-manager, who was blackballed at the Fogey Club.*" Actor-managers find great difficulty in getting into clubs which have literary hands on the committee. This is because literary characters are obliged to act in self-defence. If there are actor-managers in your club, they will lie in wait for you all day. Only last week, for instance, they caught a friend of mine, a novelist, of whom the *Athenæum* had said, unguardedly, "His dialogue is distinctly dramatic." My friend had never written a play, but of course this was sufficient, and he had to be very careful. Last Thursday, however, he foolishly went to the club for breakfast, remembering that managers do not breakfast till lunch-time. As it happened, a manager was in the room supping, and he at once sprang at my friend. In vain did the unfortunate novelist threaten to complain to the committee. The manager refused to let him go until he had promised something, though it was only in one act. Did my friend yield? I must tell you how he escaped, if only to show you that there are ways out of the blackest dilemmas. As the two were contending for mastery another manager came in. He at once thought that the novelist was being "got," and cried quickly, "Whatever offer has been made you, I am ready to double." The two managers then grappled, and my friend fled.

"*In answer to calls for 'Author' the lessee explained that Mr. Robingson was not in the house.*" It would be madness in Robingson to be in the house on a first night. There is a communication between the stage and the author's box, so that the manager can make his way to the box at the end of every act, with the object of forcing Robingson to sign for another play. Other managers also are here, and they wait for the author at the stage-door.

To say more is unnecessary. I have shown you what you must be prepared for, once it gets into the papers that you contemplate writing for the stage.

THE WEEK.

DEATH last Monday took from us a striking and singular figure. MR. THOROLD ROGERS had long been suffering from a painful complaint, and the end was not unexpected; but he was one of those salient personalities who are never easily replaced. Though his parliamentary career was not undistinguished, his fame will rest upon his writings, and it is not hard to predict, looking at his "History of Agriculture and Prices in England"—that monument of special research—that it will endure. He was the master of the "historical" school of English political economists; and his tenures of the chair of Political Economy at Oxford were, in effect, protests against the academical and *a priori* treatment of that science, and a vindication of human experience against ideal constructions. In private life, as in politics, he was a warm and sincere friend, a hard-hitting, outspoken enemy. He was an honest man, in short, and a thinker as well.

MR. A. J. DUFFIELD, who died last week at an advanced age, was a writer of no mean scholarship. His translation of "Don Quixote" ranks amongst the best English versions of that masterpiece. MR. DUFFIELD wrote some novels, in which, and notably in "The Beauty of the World," his peculiar humour found free play. He travelled much, and in a book of wanderings, published not long ago, his views of men and things were expounded with original though eccentric force. He once had a difference of opinion with the authorities in Australia, and, owing to official bungling, spent some time in prison. Here he wrote a portion of a novel, and probably thought of CERVANTES.

DR. FURNIVALL'S spirit is perturbed because somebody has suggested that the Browning Society should be dissolved. The founder of the Society perceives malice in this proposal, and says it springs from an attempt to give the credit for his original ideas to MISS HICKEY. Did not DR. FURNIVALL years ago declare that he was "the original suggester" of the Browning Society, though he gracefully acknowledged MISS HICKEY'S services? And now comes a malignant spirit who, because MISS HICKEY is not elevated to the supreme place, would like to see the Browning Society scattered to the winds. This, too, although BROWNING said to DR. FURNIVALL, "I'm not afraid of you."

THE "Pocket" Browning is out, and we must be thankful for it. At the same time it may be permissible to wonder at the judgment which, in a selection of exactly a hundred pieces, included no less than nine from "Asolando," and omitted "James Lee's Wife," "A Forgiveness," and "A Death in the Desert." MESSRS. SMITH & ELDER may urge that these three poems were too long; but what will they say of "Oh, to be in England now that April's there?" If there be one poem that a man would choose to have in his pocket when he goes a-voyaging, that poem is "Home-thoughts from Abroad"; and we doubt if there be half a dozen men living who would not exchange the humour of "Muckle-mouthed Meg" for "Youth and Art."

BESIDES those already mentioned, the most notable omissions are "Saul," "Clive," "Bishop Bloughram's Apology," "The Glove," "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister," and "Caliban on Setebos." *Plebiscita* are rarely to be trusted on literary matters; but that conducted a short while ago by the *Pall Mall Gazette* certainly produced a better list than MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER & Co. have given us. After this grumble, though, it is only fair to praise the appearance of the little volume. Its print is admirable.

A SHORT time ago we rashly expressed a hope, in noticing a series of University Extension Manuals promised to the world by MESSRS. MURRAY, that, excellent as the idea was, it would not produce too many imitators. A little volume, however, already issued by MESSRS. METHUEN, as the first of a "University Extension Series," warns us that the hope was vain. MR. H. DE B. GIBBINS has written a small book dealing with the Industrial History of England, and a further History of Political Economy, from ADAM SMITH to TOYNBEE, has been entrusted by the editor of the series to the very competent hands of MR. L. L. PRICE, of Oxford. Apart from the fact that it ushers in yet another series, which after all is not its fault, MR. GIBBINS' book is a useful, if unambitious, little sketch of the industrial side of English history, and lovers of summaries may do well to master its contents.

GENERALLY speaking, we think the public have a right to claim that the same Man of Action, or Man of Letters, or Statesman, or One English Statesman, or Great Writer, or Great Anything Whatever, should not be exploited by more than one series at the same time. To that rule, however, there may be an exception, and we think that CAPTAIN TROTTER, in his monograph on WARREN HASTINGS, has given good reason for disregarding it. CAPTAIN TROTTER is already known to be an authority on the period of Indian history which he deals with, and since SIR ALFRED LYALL published his sketch of WARREN HASTINGS as a "Man of Action," fresh information has been forthcoming at Calcutta concerning that great administrator's life. Under the circumstances we cannot grudge WARREN HASTINGS his appearance as a "Ruler of India" at the Clarendon Press, and we only hope that any one else who contributes to multiply small biographies of the great, will have as good an excuse as CAPTAIN TROTTER, and will avail himself of it as well.

THE *St. James's Gazette* set a good example to its daily contemporaries by publishing on Thursday a literary supplement containing not only many reviews of new books, accompanied by good illustrations, but a list of forthcoming works, and other literary news of interest. It has long been a standing complaint against our daily newspapers that literature receives scant attention from them; but that grievance, at all events, is now quickly disappearing.

THERE seems to be a ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON wraith floating about the world, and giving employment to all manner of pens by its simultaneous appearance in far-distant places. The other day it was announced in an evening paper that the distinguished novelist had just been visiting Constantinople and had gone on "in his yacht" to the Crimea. At the time when he was thus supposed to be on the banks of the Bosphorus, MR. STEVENSON, as a matter of fact, was at Sydney. Can it be that the explanation for this Constantinople story is the fact that another eminent novelist, MR. WILLIAM BLACK, has just been touring in the East and has visited both Constantinople and the Crimea?

"I PRESUME, sir," writes a correspondent, "that you will be taking some note of this inconsequential correspondence in the *Times* concerning ARCHDEACON FARRAR and the publishers. I seldom feel called upon to interfere in a matter of this sort, but there is a point of some slight importance which none of the *Times* correspondents have

touched upon. It is open to any author who distrusts his publisher to be his own agent, and to do his advertising and his selling *in propriâ personâ*. I have learnt this trick, since the week began, from one of the ARCHDEACON'S own profession. I was writing in my study on Tuesday, when my parlour-maid ushered into the room a nice-looking and well-dressed clergyman, who said point-blank that he was canvassing for orders for a treatise on 'Habakkuk' from his own pen, of which the first edition of three thousand copies had already been sold. He asked me to put my name down for a copy of the second edition, at two-and-six. Sir, I was at that moment revising the sheets of the fifth edition of my latest novel, of which I know for a fact that not more than two thousand five hundred copies have been sold, from first to last. This person's 'Habakkuk' (a prophet of whom I can remember nothing beyond VOLTAIRE'S assurance that 'Ce gaillard Habakkuk est capable de tout') cannot possibly possess a tenth part of the popular interest of my novel; but I could not doubt his word that he had pushed off a first edition of three thousand copies, and as a tribute to his commercial abilities I put down my half-crown for a copy of the second edition. I gave him a glass of sherry into the bargain, though the bottle was running low. I entertained him with a little talk besides, so that, altogether, the experience must have cost me a fair five shillings. But I do not regret the expenditure, for I see my way now to assisting my publisher to clear out the remainder of my fifth edition."

SOME satirist informs "would-be authors," in the *Athenæum*, that "valuable assistance is given by an experienced writer to those wishing to improve their style in composition, with a view to adopting a literary career, or for private and business purposes." Surely there is nothing more irritating to a novice than to be called a "would-be author." The phrase has come to imply contempt, and its use in an advertisement suggests that the style of the "experienced writer" may expose his "business purposes" to misjudgment.

THE correspondence between MR. ARTHUR SEVERN and MR. BEECHAM is delightful. The one wants to sell pictures and the other to sell pills, and they find their interests are not in harmony. MR. SEVERN complained of MR. BEECHAM'S advertisements being flaunted on the fishermen's sails on Windermere. MR. BEECHAM replied that he was doing a service to humanity by providing the poor boatmen with canvas at his own cost. MR. SEVERN rejoined that as he could not paint sails with pills on them, and sell his pictures, his children might be deprived of bread. But surely an honourable compromise may be effected. Let MR. BEECHAM buy MR. SEVERN'S pictures, and the little SEVERNS need not starve.

MISS ELLEN TERRY lays down the axiom that an actor, if he is to succeed, must have "a good heart." But what about the villain? Can he display all the resources of malignity only by the exercise of generous impulses? It is a paradox to say that the actor who is great as Iago must, in private life, be beloved by all who know him. Then MISS TERRY maintains that beauty on the stage has "not much more power than a favourable criticism." RACHEL was ugly, but her art did not lie amongst womanly graces. MRS. LANGTRY began her theatrical career as a beauty; and what should we have thought of MARY ANDERSON had she not been good to look upon? MISS TERRY'S genius is a delight to us all; but how much of her charm belongs to the numberless little graces of look and gesture which no plain woman could ever possess?

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

IN *La Cigale*, which has been produced at the Lyric Theatre by MR. HORACE SEDGER with no lack of taste or liberality, we have a comic opera of a very unusual kind. In some passages, indeed, M. AUDRAN almost rises to the dignity of grand opera, and he has the inestimable advantage of a story which inspires really romantic music. The laurels of the representation belong to MISS GERALDINE ULMAR, whose finished vocalisation and dainty humour deserve very high praise. The tenor, CHEVALIER SCOVEL, is a trifle too hard, perhaps, for a romantic lover, but his voice has some fine moments. MR. BURNAND'S puns are fortunately less obtrusive than usual, and the whole performance has a novel and refreshing charm.

AFTER the infant pianists a hobbledehoy pianist has now appeared. Russia, Poland, and Switzerland had each produced a pianoforte-playing phenomenon; and it was resolved to show that in the race for childish fame in connection with the pianoforte, England need not be left behind. Accordingly a youth, who is said to be in his sixteenth year, ISIDORE PAVIA by name, has been brought forward, as if to show what a clever student can do who has already had eight or nine years' good training at the piano, but has not yet completed his musical education. He is too old to have bonbons thrown to him, too old to refuse to play (as one interesting child-pianist recently did) until a rose with which he had forgotten to decorate himself is purchased for his buttonhole; and much too old to be petted and kissed by fair enthusiasts. MASTER ISIDORE PAVIA is a clever, well-taught player. But he is eight or ten years beyond the age at which he might have been made to figure as an infant phenomenon, while his talent in its present state of development is inferior to that of SAPELLNIKOFF and STAVENHAGEN, both of whom are very young men; and still more so to that of ALBENIZ and PADEREWSKI, neither of whom is yet thirty. MASTER PAVIA neither excites our curiosity like the child pianists, nor our admiration like the masters of the pianistic art.

THE utilisation of Picture Galleries as Concert Rooms was suggested a good many years ago by LISZT, who saw in the idea artistic propriety, as well as economy; and since LISZT'S last visit to England, a few months before his death, a considerable number of our picture galleries have been turned to account in the way he proposed. First, the Gallery Club was established in connection with the Grosvenor Gallery, in whose rooms musical *soirées* and those strange entertainments known as "Smoking Concerts" (in which the female voice has, as a matter of course, to be dispensed with) are given. The Suffolk Street Gallery has lately been made the head-quarters of a musical society calling itself "The Ballad Singers," which is at once a concert-giving association and a club; and two musical societies which present some of the features of a club have taken possession of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, with the view to concerts of all kinds—to be given, of course, in the evening, when the picture galleries as such will be closed. The Prince's Club gave several good concerts at the Institute last summer; and the Orpheus Club, which has just been established, has arranged to give a series of orchestral concerts at this same Institute, with MR. F. H. COWEN as conductor.

MOST of the musical societies established in connection with picture galleries make a feature of Sunday evening concerts, which we should have thought a mistake. There is much to be said for concerts in public places on Sunday afternoons and evenings, gratuitous, or at the lowest possible

charges; for there are numbers of poor people who have no opportunity of hearing music on any other day. This cannot be said for the class of people who are invited to subscribe five or six guineas a year to musical clubs with Sunday evening concerts as one of their special features. These Sunday evening concerts are generally of the smoking kind, and they are said to be chiefly attended by gentlemen on their way home from family dinners of too quiet a kind to be thoroughly satisfactory unless followed up by some brisker entertainment. Smoking concerts, too, are attended by rising vocalists and instrumental musicians who are under the impression that they render themselves popular by appearing as much as possible in what they call "Society." "I was at three smoking concerts last night," says MR. HARRY NICHOLLS, in his amusing impersonation of a music-hall singer in *A Million of Money;* "I am doing myself a lot of good, but it makes my head very bad indeed."

WHY is it that University men, who "go down" with fair degrees, never seem to take thought of the possibilities that lurk in an Elementary Mastership? A "double-first" who should have the self-denial to live for a year or two on the income of a Board-school master, might nowadays (we should fancy) find the path to fame lying straight before him. As it is, he is often enough content with a mastership at some second-class private school, that is to say, with "genteel" drudgery and no prospects. And to make his case worse, we now find that the average salary of a master in a "school for the sons of gentlemen" is steadily falling.

NOW, at its best, a "first in Mods" was supposed to be worth £250 a year. But, if we may trust the *Journal of Education*, while the salaries given by the public schools are falling, the pay of the elementary schoolmaster is rapidly rising; and perhaps the two are not unlikely to meet. The average salary of a certificated master has in the last twenty years gone up from £94 to £120, while in London it was £153 in the voluntary schools, and £280 in the Board schools. Besides all this, 10,500 teachers have their houses rent-free. When some young man, fresh from successes at Oxford or Cambridge, shall have the wit to take a Board-school mastership, his example will be followed, and then will come a blessed treading-down of the fences erected by gentility in the educational world. And meanwhile the pioneer of the movement will have achieved greatness.

THE story published this week in the *Times* of the Russian exile, FELIX VOLKHOVSKY, is almost enough to make one feel that those English Liberals are right who resent all notion of alliance with a country where such iniquities are possible under the mask of law. The chief facts are easily remembered. In 1868, VOLKHOVSKY, a man of noble birth, was a student at Moscow University, when he was arrested on suspicion—suggested by one of his friend's letters—of belonging to a secret society. He was thereupon kept seven months in solitary confinement, and then released, when the police found out their mistake. Owing to his imprisonment the University refused him a diploma. A short time afterwards he was again arrested on suspicion, kept in solitary confinement for three years and a half, then tried, and liberated. On both occasions, it seems, his innocence was admitted. Nevertheless, in 1874 he was again arrested for taking part in political propaganda "not revolutionary, but purely theoretical and critical," again imprisoned for three years in a subterranean cell, and finally exiled to Siberia, from which he has at last escaped. These facts surely need no comment to condemn.

THE McKinley Bill, as a correspondent of the *Times* has been pointing out, cannot but give an enormous stimulus to smuggling. The Italian Government has great difficulty in dealing with the comparatively trifling amount of contraband trade practicable in the Alps. Most of the American frontier on the North is a purely imaginary line, quite beyond the power of any Government to guard effectually, and the greater part of the Atlantic coast seems made to encourage illicit traffic. Here is a chance for the writers of tales of adventure—tales, moreover, with an excellent and instructive economic moral.

WHILE MR. HOWARD VINCENT has been exhibiting to the world the dangers of direct induction in economic science, and the superintendent of the United States Census has been supplying the *Pall Mall Gazette* with an encomium on the benefits of Protection, MR. MCKINLEY himself has been cutting away a good deal of the ground from under his supporters by pointing out to an interviewer that his Bill reduces many more duties than it raises, and that it practically gives freer commerce than any Bill passed in America for a century. Most English Free-traders will accept this as a description of its future, though not of its present effect. Meanwhile, however, there will be a good deal of suffering and a good deal of waste of capital—principally English, to judge by the reports as to prospectors crossing the Atlantic to seek new fields for investment.

THE wonders of the telephone are eclipsed. PROFESSOR ELISHA GRAY, of Chicago, has invented an apparatus, which he calls the "telautograph," for reproducing handwriting at a distance of five hundred miles. You write a message at one end, and an electric pen at the other repeats it with unerring fidelity, and a speed which would baffle an amanuensis. Drawings can be transmitted in the same way, and with the same accuracy. PROFESSOR GRAY has been perfecting this invention for some years, and when it is placed fully before the public its utility cannot fail to be recognised.

BY the way, PROFESSOR GRAY claims to be the inventor of the telephone, and the claim has been admitted by scientific authorities in France. In America it is the subject of a law-suit which threatens to last for infinity. The story of the claim is rather remarkable. It is alleged that PROFESSOR GRAY'S papers, sent in to the American Patent Office, were seen by somebody who transferred the details to another claim which was framed on somewhat similar lines, but did not touch the actual invention. Patents are settled by priority; and it so happened that the rival claim was registered two hours before PROFESSOR GRAY'S papers came to be officially examined. This singular tale has not been judicially tested, and perhaps there never was an American inventor who could not tell a startling yarn about the Patent Office.

THE value of the telephone in the United States may be estimated from the fact that the capital invested in American telephone companies amounts to forty millions sterling. Of this enormous sum one company possesses four millions, and pays a handsome dividend, besides putting by large amounts for the purchase of patents that threaten competition, and for the very considerable expense of fighting suits brought by small capitalists who consider themselves aggrieved.

LONDON is to have another large railway terminus. The proposed site—in St. John's Wood, close to Lords, and remoter from the centres of

London life than even Paddington—seems hardly to suit the enterprise of a railway which, having its headquarters in Manchester, is suddenly invading the metropolitan district by way of the West Midlands. The obscure little houses behind high walls—"awful snug places for orgies," as Tom Sawyer observed of his cave—which occupy so much of the Grove of the Evangelist, no doubt offer a tempting area to the projector. But so far as air is concerned the district practically serves as an open space, and its curtailment is a matter for regret. We are no enemies to railway enterprise; but it does seem that three main lines from London to the North ought to suffice. But perhaps SIR EDWARD WATKIN has an eye upon that development of traffic which is to follow the opening of the Channel Tunnel.

THE AUSTRALIAN STRIKE.

MELBOURNE, September 5th.

WE are thinking and talking of nothing in Melbourne just now but the strike. I suppose you have learned a good deal about it through the telegraph, and hope that before this reaches you, you will have heard of its termination. It has been generated, to quote an old saying, out of a small incident by great causes. The causes are, that our Trades Unions are very rich and powerful, and conceive the time to be propitious for gathering all the working classes into their fold. It has long been only a question of time how soon the precept, "Constrain them to enter in," should be applied. A dispute between the shipowners and their chief officers has furnished the opportunity. I conceive the shipowners to have been thoroughly in the wrong in the first instance. Engaged in an unprofitable competition with one another, instead of laying up such of their ships as it did not pay to run, they tried to economise upon the salaries of captains and mates, so that a captain often got only eight shillings a day. It is probably true, as the owners say, that even so they got many applications for employment; and it is also true that these salaries seem disproportionately small in Australia, because the common sailor is so highly paid here. But in this community we do not accept the doctrine that wages ought to be determined by competition, and we hold that men entrusted with work of an arduous and perilous kind ought to be liberally dealt with. Unfortunately, the owners did not take this view, and the officers, in despair, joined the Trades Hall, or federated body of Trades Unions. The powerful support of this formidable ally at once determined the employers to make all the concessions they ought to have made at first, but they added the condition that the officers must renounce their connection with the Trades Hall, in which they would practically be under the orders of their own men. The officers have refused to do this. Perhaps they are not very sure that they will not be gradually and silently got rid of if they renounce their present allies; perhaps they feel that they cannot in honour abandon those who have come forward at some risk to support them. Neither has it suited the policy of the Trades Hall to say that the officers were free, to come or go as they would. Accordingly, both sides have plunged into war—not perhaps with a light heart, but I fear with no better counsellors than pride and determination. The Trades Hall means that all labour shall in future be unionist. The employers mean to exhaust the Trades Hall's funds; to "bleed it white."

The strike began with a general refusal by the crews of ships arriving in the harbour, and by dock-labourers, to take part in discharging cargoes. It would have been fairly easy to procure non-union labour. Here, however, a third element asserted itself. Like all great cities, we have a class of permanently unemployed—men of whom it is said that they go about asking for work, and praying that it may not be offered them. These men are, more or less, under the leadership of two or three Socialist orators, who propose to regenerate society by redistributing property; and they naturally caught at the opportunity of promoting an assault upon employers. Reinforced by all the active rascality of Melbourne that is out of gaol, these men have thronged the wharves day by day, insulting, intimidating, and sometimes ducking or otherwise misusing the clerks and other labourers who were attempting to discharge cargoes from the boycotted ships. I believe scarcely any of these men were unionists; but many of them were for a time in the pay of the Trades Hall to this extent—that they received trifling sums of money as a compensation for not working on the ships. The Trades Hall has now seen the danger of paying blackmail to such disreputable allies, and has discontinued its allowances. After the trouble with the ships came a worse one with the gas-works. The directors of the Melbourne Gas Company are accused of having wantonly employed non-union coal, when the Trades Hall was willing to make arrangements by which unionist coal should be supplied. I cannot say how far this charge is well founded; that is, whether the directors were influenced by purely business considerations, or by a desire to support the Employers' Union. I suspect both motives were operative. What is certain is that in the contest which ensued unionist stokers have been very active in trying to intimidate the new hands who have replaced them, and in attempts to obstruct work, and to damage valves and connections. The non-unionist men have to be lodged inside the works, and the caterer who supplies their meals has been repeatedly threatened, and, it is said, has had to knock four men down. You will ask where the police were during this time. They were looking on idly; or at most interfering only to prevent extreme outrages. The excuse is that their numbers were insufficient at first; but the general impression is that they were held back in the hope the agitation would subside of itself.

After four or five days of this anarchy the public became furious, and the Government pulled itself together. Nothing could be better than its action, at once temperate and vigorous, when it did act. It reinforced the police; it brought down six hundred soldiers and volunteers, and has kept them in barracks, where they can be felt, but are not seen; it took measures to swear-in special constables, who now number two thousand; and as a mass meeting of the unionists had been arranged for Sunday, the 31st of August, on some open ground dangerously near Melbourne, it placarded the walls with a proclamation warning against disorder: and with two clauses from the Unlawful Assemblies Act setting forth the penalties incurred by rioters. The effect of these measures has been magical. The Sunday meeting passed off in perfect order, though many thousand unionists attended it, besides thousands of curious spectators, and the compact phalanx of Socialists, who held a by-meeting of their own, and advocated very drastic methods of dealing with capital and labour alike. Mr. Champion, an English visitor, is said to have made one of the best speeches of the occasion. Since then the city has been perfectly quiet, and cargoes are being discharged by non-union labour. Speculative stocks, which had fallen heavily, have risen again; but the markets are naturally depressed, as no one knows what the end of it all is to be. An attempt has been made to challenge the action of the Government in Parliament, but only three members ventured to support it, and the sense of the House was emphatically against them. They are reduced to threatening that the Trades Union vote shall be cast against all Government supporters at the next election. This threat, however, falls flat upon country members, as the farmers have no love for the Trades Hall. Even in Melbourne the attempt to throw the city into darkness has alienated a

great deal of sympathy from the unionists. We hold that it was an attempt to work on the fears of neutrals by endangering life and property. Beyond this, the unions have lately been meddling actively with domestic servants. A trades union has been formed among these on the principle that all work over eight hours is to be charged for as overtime, and that no servant is to work in two capacities; for instance, as cook and as laundress, or as house- and parlour-maid. Now there are thousands of small families who have struggled along hitherto by the aid of a maid-of-all-work, and this assistance is henceforth to be denied them. They are indignant, and not likely to submit without a struggle. In a country where the ordinary female servant's wages average from thirty-six to fifty-two pounds a year, according as she is housemaid or cook, a junior clerk can hardly be expected to keep two.

It is difficult to forecast the future of the contest. Something, of course, depends on the character of the leaders. Mr. Hancock, the President of the Trades Hall, is a man in every way respectable—intelligent, moderate, and of high character. Mr. Bromley, one of his colleagues, may also be spoken of as a man above the average, and who has done good service noiselessly on the Council of the Working Men's College. Of two other prominent leaders, Mr. Trenwith, who sits in Parliament, though a man of undoubted ability, may be set down as a demagogue of rather coarse type, and is discredited in this Puritan community by his opinions on religion, which are those of an advanced Freethinker. Mr. Murphy, who has been an unsuccessful candidate for Parliament, is little more than a frothy and hot-headed agitator. Our chances of a peaceable solution depend very much on Mr. Hancock maintaining his ascendency over Mr. Trenwith; and this chance is a good one, as Mr. Trenwith's following is very much displeased with the way in which he has allowed himself to be quelled in Parliament. At the same time, it must be borne in mind that Mr. Hancock is not moderate in the sense of being lukewarm or weak, but only from a capacity to recognise practical difficulties and two sides to a question. Who are practically leading the employers I do not yet know; but they are undoubtedly a strong body. No one can say what accumulated funds the trades unions have; but they labour under the enormous disadvantage of having to support thousands of men, while thousands of others who would like to aid them are about to be discharged for want of coal. For instance, the silver mines of Broken Hill must soon be closed for want of fuel and timber; and this alone means a loss of several hundred pounds a week to the Trades Hall. Again, it is rumoured that the miners intend to pick a quarrel with the managers, in order that they may be locked out and receive strike pay, as they will then be entitled to do. Complications of this kind may easily bring about a short and sharp termination to the struggle. Meanwhile coal is at three pounds a ton instead of twenty-five shillings; wood, kerosene, and candles are going up rapidly; and market produce is cheap, because the farmers cannot export to neighbouring colonies. You will scarcely wonder if the general public heartily anathematises those who have landed us in this struggle, and it is perhaps creditable to our moderation that we are not all of us active partisans.

September 8th.

Since I began this letter, the Broken Hill mines have declared themselves unable to keep open, and more than four thousand miners will be thrown out of work. There is great indignation among the men and unionists generally, as it is thought the suspension has been arranged by concert with the Employers' Association; but the mine managers assert positively that they close simply because they cannot get coal or timber, or ship their ore.

PSYCHE.

"Among these million Suns how shall the strayed Soul find her way back to Earth?"

THE man was an engine-driver, thick-set and heavy, with a short beard grizzled at the edge, and eyes perpetually screwed up, because his life had run for the most part in the teeth of the wind. The lashes, too, had been scorched off. If you penetrated the mask of oil and coal-dust that was part of his working-suit, you found a reddish-brown phlegmatic face, and guessed its age at fifty. He brought the last down train into Lewmouth station every night at 9.45, took her on five minutes later, and passed through Lewmouth again at noon, on his way back with the Galloper, as the porters called it.

He had reached that point of skill at which a man knows every pound of metal in a locomotive; seemed to feel just what was in his engine the moment he took hold of the levers and started up; and was expecting promotion. While waiting for it, he hit on the idea of studying a more delicate machine, and married a wife. She was a daughter of the woman at whose house he lodged, and her age was less than half of his own. It is to be supposed he loved her.

A year after their marriage she fell into low health, and her husband took her off to Lewmouth for fresher air. She was lodging alone at Lewmouth, and the man was passing Lewmouth station on his engine, twice a day, at the time when this tale begins.

People—especially those who live in the West of England—remember the great fire at the Lewmouth Theatre; how, in the second Act of the *Colleen Bawn*, a tongue of light shot from the wings over the actors' heads; how, even while the actors turned and ran, a sheet of fire swept out on the auditorium with a roaring wind, and the house was full of shrieks and blind death; how men and women were turned to a white ash as they rose from their seats, so fast the flames outstripped the smoke. These things were reported in the papers, with narratives and ghastly details, and for a week all England talked of Lewmouth.

This engine-driver, as the 9.45 train neared Lewmouth, saw the red in the sky. And as he rushed into the station and drew up, he saw that the country porters who stood about were white as corpses.

"What fire is that?" he asked one.

"'Tis the theayter! There's a hunderd burnt a'ready, an' the rest treadin' each other's lives out while we stand talkin', to get 'pon the roof and pitch theirselves over!"

Now the engine-driver's wife was going to the play that night, and he knew it. She had met him at the station, and told him so, at midday.

But there was nobody to take the train on, if he stepped off the engine; for the stoker was a young hand, and had been learning his trade for less than three weeks.

So when the five minutes were up—or rather, ten, for the porters were bewildered that night—this man went on out of the station into the night. Just beyond the station the theatre was plain to see, above the hill on his right, and the flames were leaping from the roof; and he knew that his wife was there. But the train was never taken down more steadily, nor did a single passenger know what manner of man was driving it.

At Drakeport, where his run ended, he stepped off the engine without a word, walked from the railway-sheds to his mother-in-law's, where he still lodged, and went upstairs to his bed without alarming a soul.

In the morning at the usual hour, he was down at the station again, washed and cleanly dressed. His stoker had the Galloper's engine polished, fired up, and ready to start.

"Mornin'," he nodded, and looking into his

driver's eyes, dropped the handful of dirty lint with which he had been polishing. After shuffling from foot to foot for a minute, he ended by climbing down on the far side of the engine. "Oldster," he said, "'tis mutiny p'r'aps; but s'help me, if I ride a mile 'longside that new face o' your'n!"

"Maybe you're right," his superior answered wearily. "You'd best go up to the office, and get somebody sent down i' my place. And while you're there, you might get me a third-class for Lewmouth."

So this man travelled up to Lewmouth as passenger, and found his young wife's body among the two score stretched in a stable-yard behind the smoking theatre, waiting to be claimed. And the day after the funeral he left the railway company's service. He had saved a bit, enough to rent a small cottage two miles from the cemetery where his wife lay. Here he settled and tilled a small garden beside the high-road.

Nothing seemed to be wrong with the man until the late summer, when he stood before the Lewmouth magistrates charged with a violent and curiously wanton assault.

It appeared that one dim evening, late in August, a mild gentleman, with Leghorn hat, spectacles, and a green gauze net, came sauntering by the garden where the ex-engine-driver was pulling a basketful of scarlet-runners: that the prisoner had suddenly dropped his beans, dashed out into the road, and catching the mild gentleman by the throat had wrenched the butterfly-net from his hand and belaboured him with the handle till it broke.

There was no defence, nor any attempt at explanation. The mild gentleman was a stranger to the neighbourhood. The magistrates marvelled, and gave his assailant two months.

At the end of that time the man came out of gaol and went quietly back to his cottage.

Early in the following April he conceived a wish to build a small greenhouse at the foot of his garden, by the road, and spoke to the local mason about it. One Saturday afternoon the mason came over to look at the ground and discuss plans. It was bright weather, and while the two men talked a white butterfly floated past them—the first of the year.

Immediately the mason broke off his sentence and began to chase the butterfly round the garden: for in the West country there is a superstition that if a body neglect to kill the first butterfly he may see for the season, he will have ill luck throughout the year. So he dashed across the beds, hat in hand.

"I'll hat 'en—I'll hat 'en! No, fay! I'll miss 'en, I b'lieve. Shan't be ebble to kill 'n if her's wunce beyond th' gaate—stiddy, my son! Wo-op!"

Thus he yelled, waving his soft hat: and the next minute was lying stunned across a carrot-bed, with eight fingers gripping the back of his neck and two thumbs squeezing on his wind-pipe.

There was another assault case heard by the Lewmouth bench; and this time the ex-engine-driver received four months. As before, he offered no defence: and again the magistrates were possessed with wonder.

Now the explanation is quite simple. This man's wits were sound, save on one point. He believed—why, God alone knows, who enabled him to drive that horrible journey without a tremor of the hand—that his wife's soul haunted him in the form of a white butterfly or moth. The superstition that spirits take this shape is not unknown in the west; and I suppose that as he steered his train out of the station this fancy, by some odd freak of memory, leaped into his brain, and held it hour after hour while he and his engine flew forward and the burning theatre fell further and further behind. The truth was known a fortnight after his return from prison, which happened about the time of barley harvest.

A harvest-thanksgiving was held in the parish where he lived; and he went to it, being always a religious man. There were sheaves and baskets of vegetables in the chancel; fruit and flowers on the communion-table, with seven tall candles burning above them; a processional hymn; and a long sermon. During the sermon, as the weather was hot and close, someone opened the door at the west end.

And when the preacher was just making up his mind to close the discourse, a large white moth fluttered in at the west door.

There was much light throughout the church; but the great blaze came, of course, from the seven candles upon the altar. And towards this the moth slowly drifted, as if the candles sucked her nearer and nearer, up between the pillars of the nave, on a level with their capitals. Few of the congregation noticed her, for the sermon was a stirring one; only one or two children, perhaps, were interested—and the man I write of. He saw her pass over his head and float up into the chancel. He half-rose from his chair.

"My brothers," said the preacher, "if two sparrows, that are sold for a farthing, are not too little for the care of this infinite Providence——"

A scream rang out and drowned the sentence. It was followed by a torrent of vile words, shouted by a man who had seen, now for the second time, the form that clothed his wife's soul shrivelled in unthinking flames. All that was left of the white moth lay on the altar-cloth, among the fruit at the base of the tallest candlestick.

And because the man saw nothing but cruelty in the Providence of which the preacher spoke, he screamed and cursed, till they overpowered him and took him forth by the door. He was wholly mad from that hour. Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CANADA AND THE McKINLEY TARIFF.

SIR,—Most Canadians will admit that the article under the above heading, in last week's SPEAKER, discloses a fuller knowledge of Dominion affairs, and a keener sympathy with Canadian aspirations, than much English journalistic comment on topics such as this. But many others, I am convinced, will share my own regret at its very obvious inadequacy in one or two important respects. And as these deficiencies are specially conspicuous and regrettable in the case of an article appearing in the "leading *Liberal* weekly," I crave space to indicate very briefly wherein they consist.

I pass by the fact that THE SPEAKER has no word of reproof for Sir John Macdonald's somewhat unmannerly taunts at the United States "with its mass of foreign ignorance and vice," and his somewhat unneighbourly predictions of "revolutions" by "a fierce democracy." (*Vide* Reuter's cable summary of the Halifax speeches.) My chief complaint is that THE SPEAKER has failed to give its readers the faintest notion of the position the Liberal party in Canada assume with regard to the present situation. "Unrestricted reciprocity" with the United States is the cry of the Liberal leaders and the Liberal press throughout the Dominion. So far from the McKinley tariff weakening their case, they look forward with confidence to increased support from the Canadian electorate as the full effects of this new development of Protection *in extremis* are felt on both sides of the boundary. True, THE SPEAKER tells us many efforts have been made by Canada to be on better commercial relations with its neighbour. But THE SPEAKER does not touch upon the fundamental question at issue between the Government and the Opposition in this connection. The Liberals of Canada contend that the only reciprocity the present Government would be prepared to entertain is a one-sided reciprocity, which it is a foregone conclusion the United States would never be a party to. Reciprocity, from Sir John Macdonald's point of view, apparently means simply the free interchange of raw products; from the United States' point of view it must include at any rate a fair proportion of their manufactured products. But reciprocity on the latter lines, say Canadian Liberals, Sir John Macdonald's Government are not only unwilling but are virtually unable to propose or accept, since they are pledged to the hilt to continue to protect the manufacturing interests in Canada which it has been the avowed aim of their so-called national policy to create and foster. Let me add a few words from a non-Canadian source in support of this view. The *Chicago Tribune* of September 29th says:—"There is not at present a Canadian Government with which the United States could make an honest and satisfactory reciprocity arrangement—one by which the Canadians, in return for the Free-trade admission of the products of their fields, forests, mines, and seas, would let in duty-free

every kind of American manufactured goods. To such an arrangement the leader of the Canadian Tories will not consent so long as he is in power. He is willing enough that the surplus products of his country shall be sold in the larger and better markets of the United States, but he does not want American goods to cross the frontier without the payment of a duty."

One point more. I will not discuss in detail Canada's prospects of success in her efforts to open up new markets in the directions specified in your columns last week, though not a few of the suggestions invite comment. Every Liberal in Canada would rejoice to see great results from these endeavours. But even if the brightest hopes thus held out are realised, you have no reply to the contention of Canadian Liberalism that the McKinley tariff must in the long run prove the strongest possible argument for unrestricted reciprocity. The more rigorously Canadians are shut out from their natural market—that of the United States—the more potent must become the forces at work to remove the barriers which have been so recklessly erected. And whatever truth there may be in recent rumours that a measure for complete reciprocity is likely to be favourably considered by Congress during the autumn session, and that Mr. Blaine himself will support it, there can be no questioning the fact that evidence is rapidly accumulating on all hands of the existence and the growth—gradual possibly, but distinctly appreciable—of a movement in this direction in the United States. ANGLO-CANADIAN.

"MAHOMET" ON THE STAGE.

SIR,—That Mr. Hall Caine should feel aggrieved at the virtual suppression of his play through the protests of Indian Mussulmans is intelligible. No man likes to see his work wasted. It is indeed not a little curious that a man who undertakes to write a play with Mahomet for its hero should show so little understanding of the religion of Mahommedans as does Mr. Hall Caine in last week's SPEAKER. One point is sufficient. Mr. Caine asks, "Why is it a mockery to put the Prophet upon the stage? Is it that the art of the actor, more than the art of the painter . . . disfigures . . . the thing it touches? If not, then what greater mockery of the Prophet is involved in putting him on the stage than in painting him in a picture or describing him in a book?" That is indeed a question difficult to answer. But, nevertheless, Mr. Caine would not have asked it if he had known that *all pictures and statues* are forbidden by the Mahommedan religion.

As to Mr. Caine's argument from Christianity to Islam and back again, and from Oberammergau to the London or Paris stage, it will not bear examination. Let Mr. Caine write a play covering the Crucifixion or other of the principal events of Christ's life, and try and produce it at the Lyceum. He would find that more than a small knot of Christians would be silly enough to feel that their religion was outraged. The Passion Play at Oberammergau is respected because it had its origin at a time when such plays were a serious expression of religious feeling, and because it still retains the main characteristics of its origin. And plays of this character appeal to Mahommedans as well as to Christians. The drama of the death of Hossein is annually played in almost every corner where a sufficient number of the followers of the Prophet are to be found—even in the London Docks. But this play is the tradition of centuries. It is played by actors who believe every word they utter. It is listened to by an audience to whom each tale of woe brings living grief or indignation. It is, in fact, in the eyes of the common people a part of the religion itself.

But the play which Mr. Caine proposes would be acted by aliens ignorant of the very elements of the religion whose birth they were attempting to portray. It would be listened to by an audience that came only to be amused—to see the last new piece. And it would be criticised by *blasé* journalists, from the standpoint of dramatic art, possibly modified by a desire to say pleasant things of particular actors. HAROLD COX.

National Liberal Club, October 8th, 1890.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE.
Friday, October 17th, 1890.

IF Archdeacon Farrar and his fellow-ecclesiastics who mourned at the late Church Congress over the backward morality of business men in general, and publishers in particular, omitted to say a word about the compilers of hymn-books, we feel sure it was only because they feared to give rein to their indignant sorrow, mistrusting the emotional lengths to which they might be led. Nevertheless, now that the clergy have done with talking, it may be useful to advance this general proposition—that if it be wrong to steal the work of a man's brain, it is worse, having stolen, to distort it.

This was Mr. Haggard's complaint against certain American publishers, and very like it was Mr. W. S. Gilbert's against Messrs. Boosey in a recent action-at-law. In both cases the work of a man who stands or falls by the excellence of his work was "manipulated" by unauthorised hands, and the rightful authors were righteously wroth. But the wrong, we venture to think, is aggravated when inflicted by ministers of religion. American publishers can be forgiven. The laws of the United States, it is true, compel no man to be a publisher; but if he choose to be a publisher, he can hardly avoid being a thief. It is surely different with an English bishop.

Now everyone knows how the present Bishop of Exeter treated Newman's "Lead, kindly Light." He took another man's work, saw the "fat" in it—we use a vulgar word about a low trick—but decided that, as it stood, the poem was hardly suitable for admission to the "Hymnal Companion"—an honour which its author had no notion of claiming. So the Bishop of Exeter "conveyed" what there was to convey, added a miserable verse of his own, and stuck the result into the "Hymnal Companion."

This injury, *plus* insult, to Newman is well known. But it is only one out of many manipulations for which the Bishop is responsible. A delicious story appeared the other day in one of the papers published in his diocese—we think it was the *Western Daily Mercury*. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould once wrote a hymn which has become famous. It was "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and the burthen of it ran as follows:—

> "Onward, Christian soldiers,
> Marching as to war,
> With the cross of Jesus
> Going on before."

So it was written, and so it appears in "Hymns Ancient and Modern." But this did not suit the Bishop, who (for reasons that he might usefully explain) objected to the "cross of Jesus" and calmly substituted some words of his own.

Now the story goes that once on a time the Bishop was to preach at a certain church in Devonshire, where they used "Hymns Ancient and Modern." And the service was to be opened by a "processional," and the hymn chosen was "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and a cross, of course, was to be carried at the head of the procession. But the Bishop, spying the cross, objected to its use; and the incumbent gave way. Then came a difficulty. The cross was left in the vestry, but its absence would make the burthen of the hymn utterly meaningless. What was to be sung? The Bishop was naturally anxious to coach the choir up in his emended version, and was proposing this, when the incumbent slyly suggested, "Don't you think we might change it to

> 'With the cross of Jesus
> Left behind the door'?"

This anecdote may, or may not, be true. But when next the Church Congress meets, it might profitably discuss the "conveying" of poetry into Hymn Books with the "cool malignity" (as Charles Lamb would have put it) of unauthorised alterations. To make an unauthorised copy of a man's painting, to alter the attitude of a figure, to modify the drapery without leave or licence—these are dishonest actions, even if committed by a clergyman whose motive is but to enrich his church with a satisfactory altar-piece. And the writer of a hymn has as much right to claim decent respect for his work as any other man.

Of course, clergymen are not the only sinners in this respect. There seems to be a general impression

among compilers that any lyric may be maltreated by the man who wishes to set it to music. We find, for instance, in one collection of Old English songs, George Herbert's lovely "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright," converted into a maudlin eulogy of connubial bliss! That it should be only the sweet and virtuous soul which,

> "Like seasoned timber, never gives;
> But though the whole world turn to coal
> Then chiefly lives"

struck the compiler as a sentiment unfit for repetition in a drawing-room, and so he starts off the last stanza with

> "Only the sweets of wedded love"—

or something of the sort. Is it conceivable that men should do this with an easy conscience?

It will be salutary to remember these matters when we abuse American publishers for their treatment of English authors. Our indignation can hardly be too strong, but it might be a trifle more discriminating. The *Scots Observer*, for example, fell foul of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, the New York publishers, last week in an article headed "Harpers or Harpies?" The charge brought by the writer of the article was briefly this—Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been contributing short stories to *Macmillan's Magazine*. Being an artist, he proposed to revise and re-write these stories; but Harpers were before him, pirated the tales, and brought them out, blemishes and all, in volume form, without consulting the author.

Now here is plenty of food for just wrath; but the writer went on to spoil his case by laying stress on the fact that Mr. W. D. Howells has just been speaking slightingly of Mr. Kipling's work in Harper's own Magazine, "at the very moment that his employers were flooding the market with the stolen goods. That burglar," he goes on, "is still to seek who shall sit him down on the front door-step of the 'crib' he has been 'cracking,' and shall there proceed to denounce the pattern of the silver ware that he hath stolen; but there is reason to believe that, if appear he ever should, he will be found to have tried and failed in American publishing, or at least to have worked for a leading firm of American publishers."

But this is a puzzle-headed attack; for, of course, the editor of *Harper's Magazine* has no obligation to approve or criticise the business "transactions" of Messrs. Harper & Brothers. In fighting our battle against the Americans, we have such acres of good ground to stand upon that it is mere foolishness to take up positions of this sort.

I have just read S. J. MacMullen's translation of Turgénieff's "Senilia," a little volume issued by Mr. Arrowsmith, of Bristol. Readers of THE SPEAKER will remember that translations of one or two of these "Poems in Prose" appeared in this paper early in the year; and I cannot help comparing them favourably with the work of S. J. MacMullen (whose sex I don't know). It seems reasonable to assert that if a "prose-poem" have any right to exist, it must be in great measure by virtue of a certain music in its language. For prose has its rhythms as well as verse—rhythms perhaps as beautiful, if we could only learn the secret of them.

We have in our language one successful prose-poem, and it is a translation. I refer, of course, to the "Song of Solomon." And in the "Song of Solomon" we happen to find some of the most beautiful sentences in our literature, in structure as well as sound. Let us take one or two:—

> "My beloved spake, and said unto me, 'Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
>
> "'For, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree putteth forth her leaves, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.
>
> * * * * * * * *
>
> "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes."

Now remove the rhythm of all this, and you have mighty poor tautologous stuff, as Mr. Herbert Spencer would point out, comparing it proudly with his "change from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent homogeneity through continuous differentiations and integrations;" and where success depends entirely on the skilful use of rhythms that up to this day have proved too complex for any treatise, that success demands nothing short of inspiration.

S. J. MacMullen has not found this inspiration. But the book, nevertheless, is to be read by those who are not already familiar with these "Senilia." Some of the "poems" haunt one, like a remembered bar or two of music. All who knew Turgénieff when he lived, describe him as the most lovable of men; and if no more of his work were left than this one slight volume, we should still know that they spoke the truth. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

A FRENCH OBSERVER ON AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

CENT ANS DE RÉPUBLIQUE AUX ÉTATS-UNIS. Par le Duc de Noailles. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

EVER since Tocqueville revealed to Europe the stores of instruction which a study of the United States might be made to yield, French writers have been attracted to an observation of American political phenomena just as French statesmen have claimed some sort of right over Egypt ever since Napoleon's expedition in 1799. Laboulaye and M. Boutmy have both written excellently on the subject, and even the Duc de Noailles gives us in these two solid volumes a reprint of articles which have appeared at intervals in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the progress of Republican institutions during the century of the life beyond the Atlantic. He is less sprightly than Laboulaye, less bright and neat and graceful than M. Boutmy; but he writes clearly and well, and has evidently made a prolonged and careful study of his subject. The chief defect which strikes us is a certain indefiniteness in his aim, with a consequent looseness in his arrangement of topics. The book is neither a history tracing the growth of the American Constitution and Government, nor a systematic account of these as they now stand. It is rather a combination of the two, in which, however, commentary and reflection are so mixed up with statements of fact that the reader who should bring no previous knowledge with him would often be perplexed by allusions to events or institutions which are not explained because it is assumed that he knows enough to follow the discussion. Nevertheless, there is a great deal of excellent matter collected; and though we are not made to feel that the author is himself at home in the current political life of the United States—for he writes as if from what he has read rather than from personal observation—his observations are generally true and his reflections judicious. He is fair and thoughtful—not specially concerned, like M. Claudio Jannet, to discover all the weak points of democracy, nor hunting among trans-

atlantic phenomena for those conclusions by preference which can find their practical application in the party politics of France.

The first quarter of the treatise is occupied with a statement and discussion of what may be called the leading political features or principles of the American Government, such as the principle of popular sovereignty, the power of numbers, the attempts to limit a sovereignty which is nevertheless held to be absolute, the guarantees for the rights of minorities, the limitations on the power of Legislatures. From this generalisation of the spirit and methods of the American system we are led down to some of its details, and the next two quarters of the book describe, or rather discuss, the Federal House of Representatives, the Federal Senate, the President and his administration, the Judiciary. In the latter half of the second volume, after three chapters devoted to elections, politicians, and corruption, —chapters whose results are generally similar to, but rather more severe than, those stated in the parallel chapters of Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth" —we reach what most readers will find the most interesting part, because that to which the author's manner is best suited, an account of the present problems of the country and the forces which are at work in it.

In a chapter entitled "Les Mécomptes des États-Unis," he presents to his readers an alarming view of the dangers which threaten society, beginning with the immigration of the Chinese, and of a multitude of Europeans of a low type, especially from Central and Eastern Europe, reckoning these at 700,000 or 800,000 per annum, and indicating their pernicious influence on social conditions as well as politics. He dwells on the probable degeneracy of the race when this meaner blood has been mixed with it; and is even alarmed for the future of the language—somewhat needlessly, for it is not these causes at any rate, but others of a different kind, which threaten its purity. He points out the opposition to entrance of immigrants which is now so conspicuous in America, and influences its legislation. He indicates the changes, mostly unfavourable, which the growth of great cities brings with it—the indisposition to agriculture and a country life, the swift diminution in the area of public lands available for new settlers, the increase in the number of divorces, and the mischief done by what the French call "alcoolisme." Another chapter written in the same desponding tone, and called "Le Péril Social," discusses the spread of Socialism, the worship of wealth among all classes, the growth of gigantic fortunes, the combinations of grasping capitalists, the unsettlement due to the diffusion of revolutionary theories in the social and industrial sphere, citing as instances the writings "de M. Most, de M. Phillips, de l'Allemand M. Karl Marx, de l'Anglais M. Ruskin, des chefs connus ou occultes du parti Irlandais:" rather an odd collocation.

Several chapters of a more optimistic tendency wind up the book, chapters in which, as they range over the whole field of Democratic government, we had hoped to find a comparison of the working of Democratic institutions in the United States and in France, and a summary of what the latter may learn from the former. This part of the subject is, however, rather briefly dismissed. The author notes not a few points in which American politicians have committed errors against which France ought to guard.

But that which he readily commends for imitation is the spirit in which the American people works its institutions, rather than anything in the institutions themselves that could be transplanted to Europe.

"La supériorité américaine parait tenir à un don ou à un sens special, que l'on pourrait en quelque sorte qualifier de dextrine cérébrale et intellectuelle, fait mi-partie de droiture et de dextérité, valant moins que la première et plus que la seconde, espèce de notion spontanée de la direction droite, comparable à l'aimant dans la boussole, ou a l'instinct de l'hirondelle, qui sait toujours reconnaitre le chemin du nord ou du midi, selon la nécessité de chaque saison. Aux États-Unis, en effet, ignorants et lettrés, corrupteurs et corrompus, ont naturellement l'esprit droit. Ni les uns ni les autres ont portés d'attaquer ou à renier les principles fondamentaux de l'ordre social. . . . On arrive aussi à une conclusion d'apparence paradoxale. Outre la sagesse et la fermeté des honnêtes gens, plus nombreux, comme partout ailleurs, mais beaucoup moins alertes et dégourdis que les autres, ce qui sauve la démocratie américaine, c'est que même ses irréguliers et ses déclassés se piquent d'être bien pensants. Ils localisent leur indélicatesse sur les seuls points où leurs intérêts immédiats sont en jeu, sans songer à se jeter dans la révolution pour détruire et renouveler de fond en comble le gouvernement ou la société" (Vol. II., pp. 462, 463).

It is, speaking generally, the elements of conservatism and respectability in the American character that are attracting this fair and candid observer, and seem to him to preserve the Republic from the dangers that menace it, and from the imperfections of many of its institutions.

It is worthy of notice that he—differing herein from Sir H. Maine, but like not a few recent students of America, as well German as English—finds the Constitution and Government faulty in many of those points in which Tocqueville had admired it. This is probably the view of the most thoughtful Americans themselves. They are inclined to value the Constitution not so much for the governmental machinery it has created as for the mental and moral habits in government which it has contributed to foster—mental and moral habits which no doubt had their roots far back in the history of the Anglo-American race. To have perceived this is not the least of the merits of the careful and intelligent book which the Duc de Noailles has given to the country in which Montesquieu and Tocqueville laid, one might almost say, the foundations of the science of the historical and sympathetic interpretation of constitutions, as opposed to that more purely legal aspect in which English writers have generally been disposed to see them.

THE NEWSPAPER REPORTER—OLD AND NEW.

Newspaper Reporting in Olden Time and To-day. By John Pendleton. London: Elliot Stock. 1890.

This is an excellent little book, well worth reading, buying, and remembering. It is full of healthy *esprit de corps*, and is redolent with tradition, tale, and fable. No profession is worth anything if it is not full of trades-unionism. Neither cash-payment nor self-interest can bind man to man—there must be fellowship and feeling.

There is something strange, nay, even romantic, about the Press. Mr. Pendleton, with rare cunning, strikes this note at once, by printing on the back of his title-page the well-known passage in "Pendennis," where Warrington describes the sleepless engine. This romantic aspect may be gazed upon without prejudice to a tolerably healthy contempt for newspapers themselves as they drop from the hands of their creators. It is, indeed, impossible—so at least we venture to say—for any thoughtful man to visit a printing establishment which is supplied with the best modern machinery, and not to be struck almost dumb by the obvious, the huge, disparity between the almost divine faculty displayed by the mechanical contrivances which produce a newspaper and the poor quality of the thing produced.

As you watch the machinery at work, it is hard to restrain your admiration. "What a thing is man," you must exclaim, "to have invented that!" but when you stoop and pick up the newspaper from out the heap, where the godlike thing has flung it, all cut and folded, you are forced to add, "But what a fool to read this." This view may savour of spleneticism and require modification; but we defy anyone, unconnected with the press, to be absolutely unconscious of the disparity to which we have had the courage to allude.

The same feeling pursues us as we read in Mr. Pendleton's lively pages of the wonderful feats

performed by newspaper reporters as they have gone about their task round earth's human shores. Their magnificence in travel has always been amazing. "More curricles!" they yell, as on duty bound they pursue into the remotest country district the wandering and faltering orator whose broken periods they are bidden to secure. They are ready, willing, and able to go anywhere and take down anything. Away they go, tramp, tramp across the land, splash, splash across the sea. Their spirits are as exhaustless as the revenues of their employer; their appetites are huge, their thirst perennial, the pace of their pens terrific.

Manifold have been their adventures by flood and field. Dickens was once a reporter. Thank Heaven for that! "I have had," he wrote, "to charge for half a dozen break-downs in half a dozen times as many miles. I have had to charge for the damage of a great-coat from the drippings of a blazing wax-candle in writing through the smallest hours of the night in a swift-flying carriage-and-pair. I have had to charge for all sorts of breakages fifty times in a journey without question, such being the ordinary results of the pace we went at. I have charged for broken hats, broken luggage, broken chaises, broken harness—everything but a broken head, which is the only thing they would have grumbled to pay for." And again: "I do verily believe I have been upset in almost every description of vehicle known in this country. I have been, in my time, belated on miry by-roads, towards the small hours, forty or fifty miles from London, in a wheelless carriage, with exhausted horses and drunken post-boys, and have got back in time for publication, to be received with never-forgotten compliments by the late Mr. Black, coming in the broadest Scotch from the broadest heart I ever knew." Dickens for ever! How he rolls the true Press tradition under his tongue and gives it force, volume, and expression.

In time for publication: there you have the Law and the Prophets. There you have what made Dickens scribble, and his poor post-horses bleed, and his employers pay. In time for publication! And yet who would care if they were not in time? Pressmen might talk, but the great yawning public would not care. Here is the humour of the thing. Resistless energy, burning zeal, reckless expenditure, marvellous machines—the wonder of the world, each costing a small fortune—triumphs over time and space, and all to publish the Right Honourable Jabez Windbag's empty sentences six hours sooner than otherwise they would appear. Are people anxious for Jabez? Not they. They buy the paper indeed—what else are they to do?—but it is but a vacant eye they turn upon the column for which man and beast have toiled.

Mr. Pendleton's book deals, so he tells us in his preface, with the newspaper reporter and his toil. Toil is, we think, too slavish a word for the high-spirited and furious efforts of the tribe. But call it by what name you will, Mr. Pendleton has much to say about it, and tells good stories it would be a shame to quote. His fifth chapter, entitled "A Gossip about Shorthand," recounts in a few pages the history of this device. This history is not so well known as it deserves to be. The Gallery of the House of Commons is the common stock upon which all old reporters draw for tale and anecdote. Mr. Pendleton tells with great gusto the story of Peter Finnerty, Morgan O'Sullivan, and Mr. Wilberforce.

Reporters derive much of their humour from the fact that theirs is not a substantive but an adjective existence. They have but to report—other responsibilities have they none. Home Rule and Coercion are but so much copy. Mr. Pendleton illustrates this disposition by a fine anecdote: "Not long ago a pressman, asked solemnly, amid the fervid excitement of a revival, the momentous question 'Are you saved?' replied in a calm, confident tone, 'Oh, no; *I'm* a reporter.'"

A FROUDEAN VIEW OF TUDOR IRELAND.

Ireland under the Tudors. By Richard Bagwell, M.A. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

Mr. Bagwell's closing volume deals with one-quarter of a century exactly. It begins with the great Desmond Rebellion of 1578, and closes with the Queen's death, 1603. These years were full of startling events in Ireland. Plots and counter-plots, personal rivalries, clan wars, local risings, abortive confederacies, and, at last, the great Earl of Tyrone's formidable attempt at independence—all crowd quickly and thickly during this time. Told no matter how, the reader must be held by a narrative of such interest. Mr. Bagwell has little or no epic power, and, what is worse, he seems to think he has. The story accordingly is not told in living words; nor, on the other hand, are we given plain straightforward narrative which, if not best, is perhaps second-best in writing history. Like many of his predecessors on Tudor ground, Mr. Bagwell chooses to make out a thesis unconsciously. He began by assuming ("anticipating" as Bacon would say) that Tudor rule in Ireland was beneficent on the whole; and that the Irish represented cruelty, superstition, lawlessness, and falsehood. Favourable facts are accordingly chosen, and Mr. Froude's artistic device of turning away attention from a dark deed by giving it a fine name, is one in which Mr. Bagwell greatly exults. Dispossessing chiefs of their lands is a salutary precaution; killing men in cold blood is a lesson in stern government, and the like. Englishmen are little blamed for not being tolerant to Papists; but James Fitzmaurice and Hugh O'Neill are taken severely to task for not holding, in the very era of religious hatreds, the accommodating tenets of the nineteenth century. However, the book should be judged by the standard chosen by the author, and not by some ideal standard to which we should wish it to conform. It is a serviceable collection of not very recondite facts brought together in the order of time, with no other thread of connection than time in most cases. The three years' rebellion of the Desmonds (1579 to 1582) is at best a tangled skein. There is no great central hero. There is scarcely a common purpose. The causes of the struggle are not well defined. Its close was vulgar and commonplace. Mr. Bagwell has assiduously and accurately collected fragments of narrative and legend and hearsay, and then given them without warning or guidance for the luckless reader to sift as best he may. But still they are given, and the world is learning more and more the value of personal evidence given without note or comment. Roughly, this Desmond rising may be described as the work of James Fitzmaurice, a strange motley-minded kind of national adventurer. He went about, like Tone in 1797, to enlist foreign aid. He roused Spain by appealing to her bigotry, but the Pope was the anchor of his hopes. Mr. Bagwell tells of these wanderings very well, and up to Fitzmaurice's death he preserves a certain unity which enlivens his work and holds it well together. But after that—chaos! As we read, even the old familiar facts seem somehow to dance before our eyes, and we fly from Windsor to Youghal, from Rome to Sligo, and from Baltinglass to Madrid with bewildering speed. But we reach dry and firm ground again when we come to massacres and hangings. In pages 74, 75, and 76, the shocking perfidy of murderous Lord Deputy Grey, and the Queen's approval thereof, are jauntily told as things common enough in that age—as indeed they were; but if so, and if the devastation of Kerry, and the "man-hunting" and "cattle-lifting" were recognised modes of civilised warfare, why lift up the eyes with horror at the spectacle of the Irish, driven to bay, fighting for home and life (page 34)?

Mr. Froude's artistic device of deluding the reader by calling the same act by two different names, as friend or foe may happen to be the actor, is a poor gift at best, and one that may make so-called history

into the merest party pamphleteering. The Desmond war is on the whole not very successfully described, and we have only a blurred and blotted picture when we try to realise what Mr. Bagwell has been telling us. The Perrott period is a little better. But here, too, we find the same bias of mind which we noticed in the Desmond narrative. The ruffianly murder of Archbishop O'Hurley is told with quiet calm as the merest trifle: "The archbishop was hanged privately in the castle early on June 19" (page 118). The previous torturing is palliated on the ground that O'Hurley himself had been an Inquisitor. The robbery of cattle in Ulster (pages 130 and 131) is glanced at as a mere inducement (as lawyers say) to other events, although three counties were desolated and fifty thousand cows taken away by the plunderers. So, too, the forfeitures in Munster, in 1584 (page 126); the three hundred murders in the same province (page 135); the forty-eight in Leinster (*ib.*); and the whole result is felicitously and humorously summed up in page 136: "Exhaustion or despair had quieted east, south, and west."

This, it seems, is history—impartial, grave, judicial history. But it is in the dealings of the Parliament that Mr. Bagwell is especially weak. He fails to see the real significance of the struggle between Perrott and the so-called "agitators." So filled is he with the gospel according to Mr. Froude, that resistance to the Lord Deputy must have been caused by mere malice or personal self-seeking. And yet these "agitators" really asked what Pym and Eliot asked half a century later, and what Franklin and Washington created a nation in order to obtain. "Harrying Connaught," "striking terror," "annihilating the Scots," are the gay watchwords by which we are led through a series of treacherous butcheries and wanton murders by Perrott and his heroes, and all without a whisper of condemnation. So the kidnapping of the poor boy, Hugh O'Donnell, in 1587, and his detention in a dungeon for years—all told without a muscle moving (page 222). And when at last the man arises strong enough to chastise the insolent murderers who had so long held sway; when at last Ulster roused herself in her wrath, and swore that death were better a thousand times than this prolonged agony; when to O'Neill's summons the maddened manhood of Ireland rose and swept the plunderers before them, what has Mr. Bagwell to say? We are asked (page 304) to pity the poor settlers flying for their lives, gentle and humane Edmund Spenser amongst them. One could well wish that (apart from his lilting to "Gloriana") the gentle Spenser, and his amiable friend Sir Walter (whose cruelties are casually referred to by Mr. Bagwell as if they were droll eccentricities), and all the other literary worthies—the heroes, indeed, of this time—should have meted out to themselves in full measure the diabolical refinement of cruelty which they perpetrated so freely on others. But, no; we must weep for these gentles, and turn epigrams on the devastation of Munster and Mayo. Again, is this history? With regard to the great Earl of Tyrone, Mr. Bagwell measures him by so puny a standard, and so completely fails to grasp the grandeur of his designs, that nothing can be said in detail of his closing chapters. The story of the great rising of 1598-9 is poorly told; but the subsequent struggles in Munster are graphically described. Every remark made by Mr. Bagwell on policy and statesmanship is the merest echo of Mr. Froude. There is little mystery about Ireland in the time of the Tudors. Three great confiscations, or rather series of confiscations, drove the chiefs into rebellion. English settlers joined them. Needy adventurers were sent in swarms from England to crush these outbreaks. Two strong men at last met—O'Neill, the Napoleon of the Irish Revolution, and Mountjoy, the Wellington of the greater power. O'Neill failed, and Mountjoy closed the era of devastation and cruelty by a savage outburst of wanton destruction before which all preceding barbarities grew mild. Placid Mr. Bagwell tells it in sentences which are calm, quiet, and self-contained. "How charming is divine philosophy!" The history of Ireland under the Tudors has yet to be written. But Mr. Bagwell has done some good in bringing materials together for the work. We should recommend, as an antidote to such works, the profound work of the late Dr. Richey on the same period.

ROMAN REMAINS IN WESTERN EUROPE.

Römische Herrschaft in Westeuropa. Von Emil Hübner. Berlin: Hertz.

In this volume Professor Hübner sums up part of his archæological researches in Western Europe. As editor of the Roman inscriptions found in Spain and Britain, and as a diligent student of the Roman remains in Germany, he has had occasion, from time to time, to publish essays dealing with points of interest, and these he now collects. But the book is not merely a reprint. The original essays were addressed to scholars; they have here been revised, combined, simplified, to suit ordinary readers. The subjects treated are—for Britain, the Roman conquest, the northern frontier lines, the monuments of Mars Thingsus; for Germany, the *limes*, the chief towns, the name "Arminius"; for Spain, the antiquities of Tarragona, the Balearic islands, and a few less-known places. There is also a tolerable index.

Unless we are much mistaken, the book will find more favour with ordinary readers than with scholars. While not exactly weak in scholarship, it is far more successful as a popular work. The style is pleasant and readable, the padding sufficient and agreeable; the whole, indeed, is more like an English than a German book. In Germany, where professed scholars are the only archæologists, the archæological literature has a professional character. In England the reverse is the case; archæology is studied by everyone and anyone except by scholars. English scholarship long ago took a literary turn, and though it has lately become aware of Hellenic art, the study of Roman Britain, for instance, is still left to men who—in the sporting sense of the word—are amateurs. There are plenty of these in our archæological societies—clergymen, politicians, *rentiers*, men of business, University professors of Aztec or Astronomy;—trained scholars are as rare as swallows in December. The work of these men is naturally "popular." It is often good; it is rarely worse than bad German work; but it is never professional. Professor Hübner's new book has this characteristic, and we may congratulate him on having done what few Germans can do, by writing a "popular" work on a special subject.

In one point, indeed, his book may teach a lesson to our archæologists. He is an epigraphist, and knows the value of inscriptions; they are discussed even in the present work. Now we in England (Dr. Bruce excepted) have overlooked such things. Would you trace an *iter* of Antoninus, or fit the hills of Scotland into the geography of Tacitus? The English antiquary will join you with enthusiasm. But epigraphy is a special study; inscriptions are rare in Britain, and the amateur lets them alone. The *Corpus* and *Ephemeris* are little used, and the Society of Antiquaries excavates Silchester before great fortresses like York and Chester. Yet inscriptions supply our best evidence for Imperial history. Tacitus describes battles and murders, but Tacitus is the most unmilitary of historians; and battles and murders, at their worst—or best—are not history. The "weightier matters," social progress and the growth of institutions, cannot be mastered without inscriptions. It is the merit of the "Römische Herrschaft" that it summarises epigraphic research in popular shape. We may not accept the author's views, but no one can read his book without realising the existence and value of inscriptions.

Unfortunately these excellencies are accompanied

by defects which must offend the specialist, though they may pass unnoted by ordinary readers. In the first place, the plan of the book is too narrow. We find in it information about three countries, but both countries and information are arbitrarily selected. Nothing is said about France. The conquest of Britain is described, that of Germany omitted. The civilisation of Britain is treated very briefly; Bignor is barely named, Woodcutts wholly ignored. The reason is obvious, but the result is something very like scrappiness. Further, there is a silent warfare waged on Mommsen's views, which seems unfortunate, and which certainly provokes one to compare the book with the "Römische Provinzen"—a comparison which so popular a work is not fitted to stand. There are, besides, various points where we consider Professor Hübner demonstrably wrong. We cannot enter at length into these, but we may take as an instance the account of certain "walls" in Hungary and Roumania which Professor Hübner mentions as representing Roman frontiers. The walls in Roumania certainly exist; they have been seen. But the recent researches of Tocilescu and Domaszewski prove that most of them had little connection with Roman frontiers, and there is really nothing to show that they are Roman at all. The Hungarian walls are in a worse case; their very existence is doubtful. One of them is supposed to lie on the north-west frontier of Dacia, near Kolosvár; and an enthusiastic Hungarian has found the word *vallum* on an inscription in the neighbourhood. But this word is perhaps a misreading of the regular formula *v. s. l. m.* ("So-and-so pays his vow"); and, though the wall may exist, the present writer once vainly inquired for it in Kolosvár. A second wall is stated to lie north-west of the other, and, as the forts along it are said to be round, Professor Hübner dates it after Diocletian. This is odd, for the Romans evacuated Dacia before the reign of that emperor; but it shows plainly enough that the whole thing is a mare's nest.

The British section supplies other *corrigenda*. Two conflicting dates are given for the founding of Deva (Chester). On p. 29 Professor Hübner adopts a very early date, supporting it by recent discoveries; on p. 32 he adheres to his earlier opinion. Apart from the obvious slip, it may be observed that the recent discoveries do not prove the early date, though they do not disprove it, and the idea is not otherwise improbable. Nor can we agree with our author's accounts of Claudius' landing-place, of the (wholly imaginary) camp at Calleva, of the tin trade, of the founding of Caerleon.

But we have neither space nor wish to catalogue these things. Few men have done more than Professor Hübner for the study of Roman Britain, and it is pleasanter to point out, at the end of this notice, that a great part of the book is good. The essays on Mars Thingsus, and on the etymology of "Arminius"—a German, not a Roman, name—are capital summaries. The bewildering literature which has overgrown the German *limes* is also well reduced to order, though we miss a complete description of the *limes* itself. We hope that, in a second edition, Professor Hübner will see his way perhaps to altering his views on points such as those indicated above, and certainly to completing the contents and justifying the title of his book.

A PHILOSOPHICAL SCRAP-BOOK.

A Protest against Agnosticism. By P. F. Fitzgerald. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1890.

It is an excellent thing, doubtless, to "protest against Agnosticism," and even to ask one's next neighbour between the courses at dinner, "As-tu de l'Idéal, mon frère?"—(*p.* 78). But a good deal depends on the tone in which we put the question. It ought, perhaps, to be a whisper, and not a shriek. As there is reason in the roasting of eggs, there might also be some, with advantage to the reader, in pouring out the contents of our commonplace book. The very earnest (or, should we say, intense?) compiler of infinite quotations who, in these breathless pages, rains down wisdom upon us out of a shower-bath, is evidently of opinion that no Agnostic can withstand a sufficiency of inverted commas. Mr. Huxley himself, by a dexterous snipping-out of sentences from his recent commentaries on the New Testament (they may be read in the *Nineteenth Century*, *passim*), is made to look as though he protested against his own bantling, the Agnostic philosophy. Mr. Herbert Spencer, who asserts, very much against fact, that a ploughboy cannot understand that "action and reaction are equal and opposite," is brought forward as a champion of "abstract Ideals." On the "restful sense of soul-completion," Mr. Grant Allen is persuaded by a little squeezing to give his testimony. And Count Tolstoï, St. Augustine, Sir John Lubbock, Dr. Flint, the Chinese philosopher Chung Tzu, Sophy Singleton, Mr. Samuel Laing, and, in the words of the writer, "M. Taine and compagnie," engage, to the sane man's astonishment, in a mazy dance of reflections between the covers of this small volume of one hundred and fifty-five pages, where, as regards logical sequence and coherent exposition, nothing happens but the unexpected. Why St. Augustine should utter his remarks in French we are at a loss to say. Perhaps it is on the same recondite principle which leads the authoress to give her Greek quotations in Latin. The little book has, besides, abundance of German, ranging from Schopenhauer to Schubert, so that everybody may find a citation which will suit his taste. But, on the whole, we prefer, when we can get him, one author at a time, and, if possible, in his own language. There is surely also something exasperating in sentences like the following: "Our inherited and neurotic 'diagram' (see Cyples) constitutes the fatal part of our destiny"—(*p.* 42). How are we, though as much concerned as Mrs. Fitzgerald herself in learning all about this "fatal part of our destiny" to "see Cyples," if we are not told who Cyples is, and in which of his (who knows how many?) volumes the "diagram" may be viewed? We grant, with the sagacious authoress, that "eternity is long enough for the evolution of each and all of us;" but we had rather not spend more than half of it in finding out about "Cyples." Why not tell us, at least, what name he has given to his treatise on "neurotic diagram?"

"Fancies and divagations are not thought, properly so-called," Mrs. Fitzgerald cautiously observes. We quite agree. Neither are platitudes and extracts printed with a nice derangement of context. It seems unnecessary, for instance, to assure mankind that "the sexes are correlative;" or again that "to the gnat or the beetle the order of the universe is not patent;" or that "pain and pleasure are incompatible states;" or perhaps even that "a relationship consisting of two factors" is "termed a correlation." Did the authoress ever hear of a relation consisting of less than two factors? However, if we dislike platitudes, we may indulge in conundrums such as: "The Universe is rationally conceived as the habitat of Being;" "Special certainty is conditioned by individual reason;" and "What shall enable me to attain equilibrium? What but the divinely-ordained counter-partal complement and supplement of our fatally-finite one-sided Being?" There is a fine swing about the last clause of the last extraordinary sentence, suggestive of everything but equilibrium, however, which may be recommended to Mr. Gilbert the next time he is composing a "book of words." But, as like the man mentioned at page 111, we are possibly forgetting that "Deontology is the synthesis of Egoity and Altruity," and should only make the Agnostic smile as he went on, we refrain from giving more examples of this wonderful mixture. It strikes us, by the way, that "mixture" is quite as good a word as "synthesis," and better English. Very likely, however, we have failed to attain the degree of "culture" with which, according to our authoress, "there

accrues a reflective logical control over the psychical mechanism;" and we bow to her superior judgment. "Egoity and Altruity," we confess, are quite new to us, and sound detestable.

If the zealous and really well-intentioned writer of these undigested, and indigestible, paragraphs would take a little advice—but that is probably the last thing she dreams of taking—we would suggest to her a year's course of severe total abstinence from "scientific" phrases, falsely so-called, and a strenuous effort, during that time, to say what she means in the ordinary speech of men and women, keeping clear of Latin strained through French, and of German gathered from the four winds of heaven. To have been at a feast of languages and stolen the scraps has always a slightly deleterious effect on the mind; but to boil down in one saucepan all the leavings of all the philosophies, from Confucius to Hegel, and then set forth the compound as a "protest against Agnosticism," is positively too much. It is widening the skirts of insanity. We would not have anyone, who can spare the time, "neglect the culture of reflective introspection," under proper control; we only bargain that he shall either keep the results to himself or express them in language not so certain to give a headache as these "syntheses" and "altruities." It might be advisable, also, when one has to protest against Agnosticism, or any other "ism," to begin by saying what it is which the logicians call definition. Certainly it is not enough to describe the system against which we bring up our motley array of thinkers as "nonsensical nescience." How should we like to be told that our own was "nonsensical omniscience"? No good is gained by calling names, and just as little by fancying that an unsorted heap of axioms and postulates, without beginning or end, like the volume before us, is a contribution to the "*rationale* of belief." It contributes solely to a universal bewilderment, in which the writer's not inconsiderable gifts of industry and religious earnestness are seen to the utmost disadvantage.

FICTION.

1. KIRSTEEN. By Mrs. Oliphant. Three vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.
2. RUFFINO, ETC. By Ouida. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.
3. NUTSHELL NOVELS. By J. Ashby-Sterry. London: Hutchinson & Co.

THERE are few authors who have written as much as Mrs. Oliphant and preserved their freshness so well. "Kirsteen" is a very pleasing story. We have the benefit of the author's experience; the mistakes of younger novelists are not to be found here. The plot is not particularly strong; but it is well managed, and its weak points will not be discovered by once reading. We have in these volumes the sound judgment and taste which seem to be especially the gift of the years; and we have also the freshness and spirit which the years so often take away with them. One novelist, who had good right to speak on this point, was asked how he managed to make his later books as fresh and bright as his earlier work; he modestly assigned it to the fact that he was a good sleeper. We venture to think that this was not a complete explanation; so many authors have ceased to write well, and have even become the cause of sleep in their reviewers, without one complaint of their own insomnia. Perhaps, in this case, we might suggest that Mrs. Oliphant writes novels so well because she does not write only novels. She will turn from the compilation of a memoir, from the study of some great author, or from her delightful sketches of Savonarola and Florence, to tell us a pretty Scotch story. Perhaps she tells it so well because, like many others, she finds change of work the most invigorating rest.

Kirsteen was the daughter of a Douglas who suffered from pride of race. He was even more brutal than absurd. He drove Kirsteen from her home by attempting to force her into a marriage with a man old enough to be her father. Kirsteen came to London, where she made dresses and money. She is a delightful heroine. There is a touch of romance in her nature; she has enough human weaknesses; she is proud, though to a less silly degree than her father. Her brightness, her loyalty, and her strong sense are her more admirable characteristics. She holds the reader's sympathies from first to last. There is no want of incident in the book; but it is mainly valuable for its exquisite studies of character. For a long winter evening one might find many less charming and interesting companions than Mrs. Oliphant's Kirsteen.

"Ruffino," the longest of the four stories comprised in Ouida's new volume, is not the most pleasing of the collection. Ruffino was a dog, belonging to the Duke of Castiglione. The duke had quarrelled with his father, the Prince of Montefeltro, who was apparently a very hard man. When the Prince was on his death-bed, Castiglione was summoned to his father's palace. His father was unconscious, and Castiglione, during the time that he was waiting for the Prince to die, occupied himself by attempting to make love to a very modest and irresponsive maiden. She had, however, the novelist informs us, the soul of St. Agnes and the face of Beatrice. Castiglione, too, had a very good heart: "I will do what I can to do good to the people," was his thought, when he inherited the wealth and title of his father. He was hardly the man to do much good to the people, we think; he fed the dog that loved him, and for whom he seems to have had some affection, on anchovy toast, potted prawns, and *foie gras;* and he would probably adopt something of the same absurd system with the people. To do any good to the people one must live among them and know them first.

"An Orchard," and "The Bullfinch," are two pretty and pathetic sketches. They are not, perhaps, particularly probable and convincing, but they have their merits. "Trottolino" is an eloquent attack on war and the conscription. In all four stories one notices the author's great fault, her utter want of self-restraint. The style is too luxuriant; the attempt at fine writing is too obvious.

Some of Mr. Ashby-Sterry's "Nutshell Novels" are very tiresome. The time has long since gone by when the intelligent public could find anything pleasing or original in the account of an imprisonment in a diving-bell, which concludes with:—

"I suddenly awake!

"I find myself in my own Den. I had fallen asleep with my head over one of the arms of an easy-chair, and my legs so twisted that," etc., etc.

Some of the other stories, such as "Done by a Dot," "Ruddleton's Revenge," or "Grained for Life," are rather improbable than amusing. The author can, however, write English, and need not have presented us with the following sentence:—

"It was only last Tuesday evening, after I had been spending a jovial evening with some friends in the Regent's Park, I was rattling down Albany Street in a hansom, smoking a cigarette and singing a merry song, that I fell a-thinking over the departed glories of the Colosseum."

The author can also be amusing, and there are sketches in this book which prove it; but every now and then one is allowed to see the effort under the gaiety. There is a kind of humour—Mr. Jerome K. Jerome makes frequent use of it—which is like a clock with glass panels at the sides; it may answer its purpose, but we can see the mechanism. Mr. Ashby-Sterry is seen at his best when he discourses of house-boats, or lounges during a summer evening on the Thames, or discourses of his old black clay, or is enraptured with the sunlight and the pleasures of a garden. When he writes the conventional Christmassy story, he seems to write against the grain. On the whole, "Nutshell Novels" is not a very good volume; but there is much in it which reminds us that the author has done very good work, and assures us that, in his own particular line, he may do very good work again.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

"LEADERS in the Northern Church" is the title of a volume containing ten sermons preached by the late Dr. Lightfoot in the diocese of Durham. The Bishop made no secret of his intention to publish a group of biographical studies illustrative of various periods of religious thought and ecclesiastical activity in that part of England with which in men's minds his own honourable and widely influential episcopate will now always be associated. The necessary leisure, however, for the complete fulfilment of so congenial a task was never granted; but these pages show clearly enough the leading ideas on which Dr. Lightfoot wished to lay stress. In brief compass, but with great vividness, the salient characteristics in the history and work of Aidan and Oswald, Cuthbert and Bede, Richard de Bury and Bernard Gilpin, John Cosin and Joseph Butler, are clearly unfolded, and the lesson of their lives is impressively enforced, and at the same time what Dr. Lightfoot terms the "indomitable vitality of the Anglican Church" is brought prominently into view. In our judgment, however, it is the "indomitable vitality" of religion itself, rather than that of any ecclesiastical organisation, which is suggested by these eloquent and scholarly monographs.

With ample knowledge, scientific accuracy, and in clear and forcible English, Mr. Mattieu Williams explains, in a volume of 400 pages, "The Chemistry of Iron and Steel Making." The author formerly held a scientific post in the works of Sir John Brown & Co., Limited, Sheffield, and this book is the outcome of an honourable attempt to interest the men in their daily tasks, by explaining the why and the wherefore of the operations which they are daily called to perform. The mysteries of the various complicated processes involved in the manufacture of iron and steel are explained in a lucid and straightforward fashion; and no difficulties, so far as we can see, have been either shirked or slurred. Mr. Mattieu Williams, as all who have read "Science in Short Chapters" are aware, never lacks the courage of his opinions, but when he differs from accepted scientific authorities, he invariably says so frankly, and describes, moreover, the experiments and other data on which his conclusions are based. His experience of the British working man is worth quoting:—"I found that the four or five thousand men employed in the great works above-named might be divided into three classes. The first, and, I am sorry to say, the largest, neither knew, thought, nor cared anything about the scientific basis of their work; the second treated the 'doctor's shop,' as they called my laboratory, with contempt, and resented my interference with their work; the third class had, for the most part, passed through both these first and second stages of technological evolution, and were awakening to a perception of the fact that practical men like themselves might, after all, learn something from the 'theorists'—a name they had recently learned to apply to all who made any pretensions to scientific attainments." Now that working lads are beginning to receive at all events the rudiments of technical education, it may fairly be hoped that the day is not far distant when the first of the three "classes" encountered by Mr. Williams in his well-intentioned efforts at artisan enlightenment will gradually dwindle away with the ignorance and apathy which gave it birth.

The "Monumental Brasses" of mediæval England which adorn so many of the ancient churches of the land constitute in their way an invaluable commentary on the ecclesiastical and social manners and customs of vanished generations. The object of Mr. Macklin's explicit and interesting handbook is to direct the explorer of churches to the more important of these memorials of the past, to teach him their true significance as a commentary on life and manners, and to give him sound advice as to the best methods of making rubbings. The monumental brasses of England begin in the reign of Edward I., and continue without a break until the establishment of the Commonwealth. When it is remembered that brass almost sets time at defiance, and does not lend itself easily to the sacrilegious penknife of the desecrator, we have the explanation of the fact that many of these works of art are in almost as perfect a condition as when they left the engraver's hand. As no cheap manual on the subject has hitherto been published, and the more elaborate, though not more painstaking, works of Haines and Boutell have long been out of print, Mr. Macklin's book cannot be described as a superfluous contribution to the literature of antiquarian research. It is possible to trace the vagaries of fashion, not merely in ordinary dress, but in armour and ecclesiastical vestments, from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century, in these representations of our ancestors drawn with a pen of iron on the walls and in the aisles of the churches and cathedrals of England. The inscriptions which generally accompany these engraved effigies are, in many cases, of great historical value, especially to the student of archæology. Monumental brasses, Mr. Macklin reminds us, are almost the only dated mediæval "things of beauty," and they accordingly furnish a key to the chronology of art by which experts can determine with remarkable exactness the period to which disputed paintings, sculptures, or enamels belong.

Mr. Jacobs has made a special study of our national Folk-lore, and in the course of his researches he has come across a good many quaint and imaginative stories. Children, and older people too, ought to be grateful to him for rescuing from unmerited oblivion a number of charming "English Fairy Tales." It used to be supposed that France and Italy possessed no folk-tales; but within the last fifteen years, Mr. Jacobs assures us, no less than a thousand tales have been collected in each of those countries. England does not possess nearly as many, but the quality, in part at least, atones for the quantity. Some of the tales which are re-told in this singularly attractive volume can be traced back to the sixteenth century, and two of them were quoted by Shakespeare. In a number of instances, Mr. Jacobs discovered these fairy tales hidden away in uncouth if not obsolete dialects, and he may fairly be congratulated on the skill with which he has refashioned them. In other cases he has had to reduce the "flatulent phraseology of the eighteenth century cheap books," and this task he has also accomplished with simplicity and grace. One of the best stories in the book was taken down from the lips of an English gipsy, and others have been gleaned in the nooks and corners of a very wide field of inquiry; in fact, Mr. Jacobs confesses that he has acted on Molière's principle, by taking what was good wherever he could find it. The book contains some scholarly notes, and a number of remarkably clever illustrations.

"Famous Musical Composers" has avowedly been written for the edification of girls, and it seems likely—provided the young ladies are willing—to accomplish that end. Miss Morris states that "teachers of eminence and great experience" have often expressed surprise at the ignorance displayed by their pupils concerning the lives of musicians whose names were continually on their lips. Short biographical sketches of nearly forty more or less famous composers, are accordingly given in this volume, and in the main they are well written. The book, however, is not in any sense critical; it merely traces in outline the chief incidents in the careers of a number of distinguished men. Amongst living musicians Rubinstein, Dvorák, and Brahms duly figure; whilst the list of older composers is a fairly representative one, and includes men like Hummel, Moschelles, and Benedict, as well as the far greater names of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. The volume is handsomely bound, and is illustrated with portraits.

An admirable selection of songs for colleges and schools, entitled "Gaudeamus," has just appeared under the competent editorship of Mr. John Farmer, formerly of Harrow School, and now of Balliol College, Oxford. In all, there are a hundred songs in this handsome volume, and in every case the music is given on the opposite page. The majority of them are old favourites, whilst a few are students' songs, such as "Dulce Domum," "Gaudeamus Igitur," "Euclid," and the like. The humour and romance of England, Scotland, and Ireland are well represented in the collection, and we are glad to find that Browning's "Epilogue" has already found its way into the Balliol Song-Book. Mr. Farmer has himself set the poem to music, and it is included in the present volume.

* LEADERS IN THE NORTHERN CHURCH. By the late Joseph Barber Lightfoot, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Bishop of Durham. Macmillan & Co. Crown 8vo. (6s.)

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